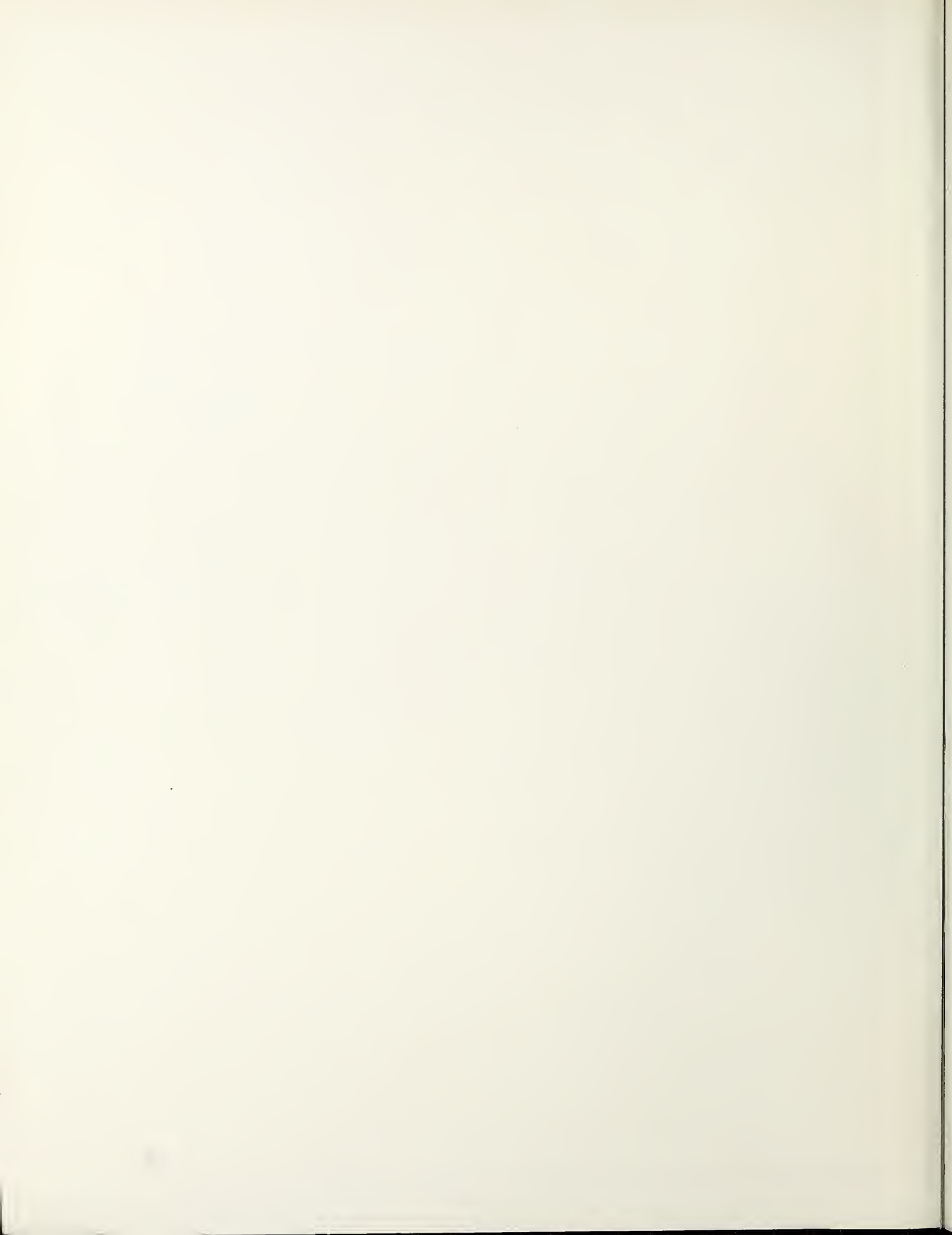




Sepulcher



Sepulcher
1987-1988
Coastal Carolina College
P.O. Box 1954
Conway, South Carolina



Sepulcher (sep el ker): a receptacle for religious artifacts esp. in an alter.

Don't call me Ishmael. Not long before I was to write this, it was autumn eighty-seven. I was asked to suggest a theme and a name for Coastal's new publication. The theme came to me in almost an instant revelation. Each year an issue would be buried as a time capsule. The name however, did not come, not even in a delayed revelation. I tried to force revelation, only to come up with "The Burial." When I tested that idea on some of my friends, "morbid" was the most prominent reply. I did not want to be morbid, however, I did not want a name that would dilute the theme.

I realized wisdom could expel my proplexity, so I went to the place on Coastal's campus where wisdom is found. Upstairs, to the second floor of the library, where about halfway down English Professor Row, Dr. Trout's door stands almost always ajar. Certainly I would be interrupting a passage from Thoreau, so I decided to try to explain quickly and concisely why I had come. It did not work, though. I babbled about my time capsule idea for a while, and just when I thought he was going to throw me out of his office for a gross display of wasting a professor's office hours, he reached and plucked a book from the bottom side is a pile of books that looked as if they had been placed haphazardly. It occurred to me that although his office appeared in disarray, he knew exactly where everything was.

He agreed that "The Burial" might ruffle a few feathers of some of the more conservative members of Coastal's community. He then turned to a page in a book of Latin. "The Sepulcher," he said to himself, and then he looked up the definition and read it to me. "A receptacle for religious artifacts." That was it! That was what I had in mind!

Robert Sullivan
October 14, 1987





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Graduation

A day that seemed so distant in years past has fallen upon us. For today is the beginning of the end of two eras. The memories of friends and activities of the by-gone era cannot be shadowed by graduation, only highlighted. Graduation day is upon us and the road to our future is clear. We have chosen our paths that lead in many directions with distant hope to cross paths for a reunion. *The Sepulcher* wishes you the dream with which you all contain deep in your hearts, full of love, hope, success and health. The future will be molded by our dreams and actions. Reach for the dream and grasp for the future. Look not at the future with eyes full of fear, but with eyes full of vigor and life!





HAVE YOU EVER KISSED A PIG???

Invitations were sent to only a select few — those great individuals who have completed 90 semester hours or more, the Seniors! There was a turnout of a good number of faculty members and seniors. To all those who missed it . . . you missed a GREAT time!!

The Senior Round-Up was held on Saturday, December 12 between the football and baseball fields. What started out as Senior Class President Harold Brown's "big dream" turned into one of the best events ever held at Coastal Carolina College. All of those "rounded up" enjoyed a feast fit for royalty (including a roasted pig), a huge bonfire, and great entertainment. The highlights of the evening were the "pig kissing ceremony" and a wild football game played by firelight (with help from a few car headlights).

Many seniors commented that this should become an annual event. A good time was had by all and it gave the class of 1987-88 an opportunity to get together before graduating and going their separate ways.

Thanks Harold, for an outstanding idea and tons of hard work!!!









On campus housing is a new addition to the campus of Coastal Carolina College. The six building complex has made living more convenient for students far away and close by.

Freshman Glen Cuttitta from Killington, Vermont says, "Without on campus housing it would be difficult for me to attend this fine institution."

Freshman Bob Phillips from Salem, New York replies, "Campus housing gives you easy access to activities and events on campus."

On-campus housing at Coastal has been long awaited but has finally become a reality.



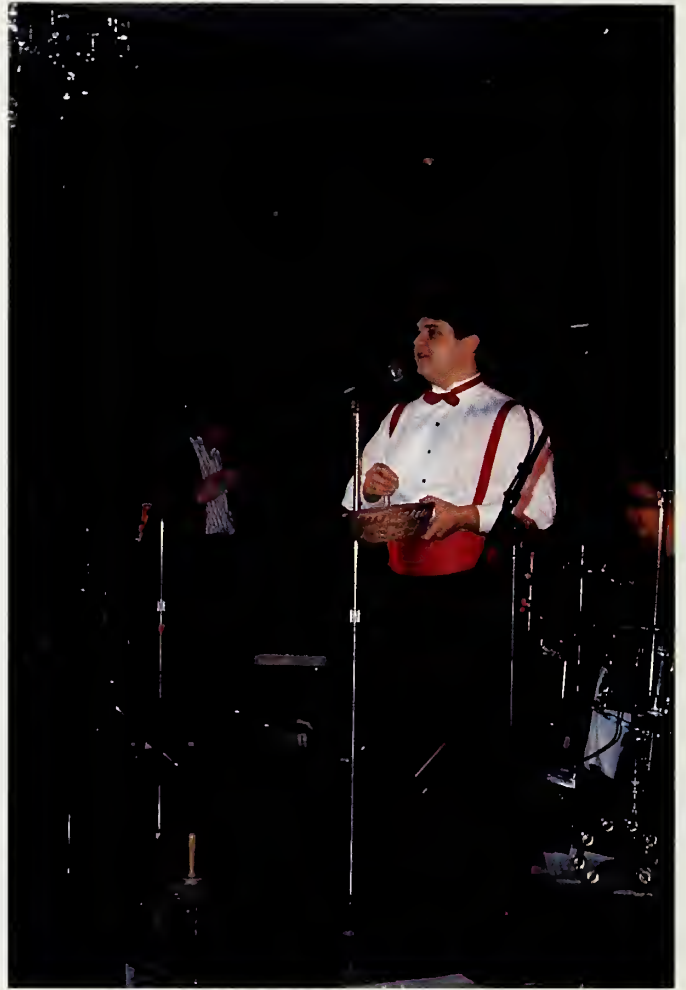


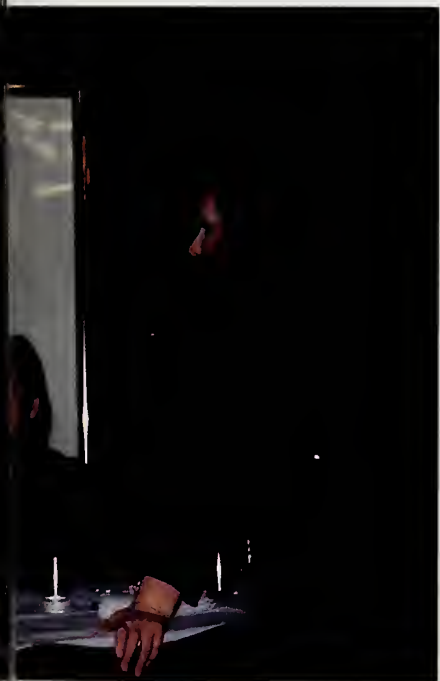
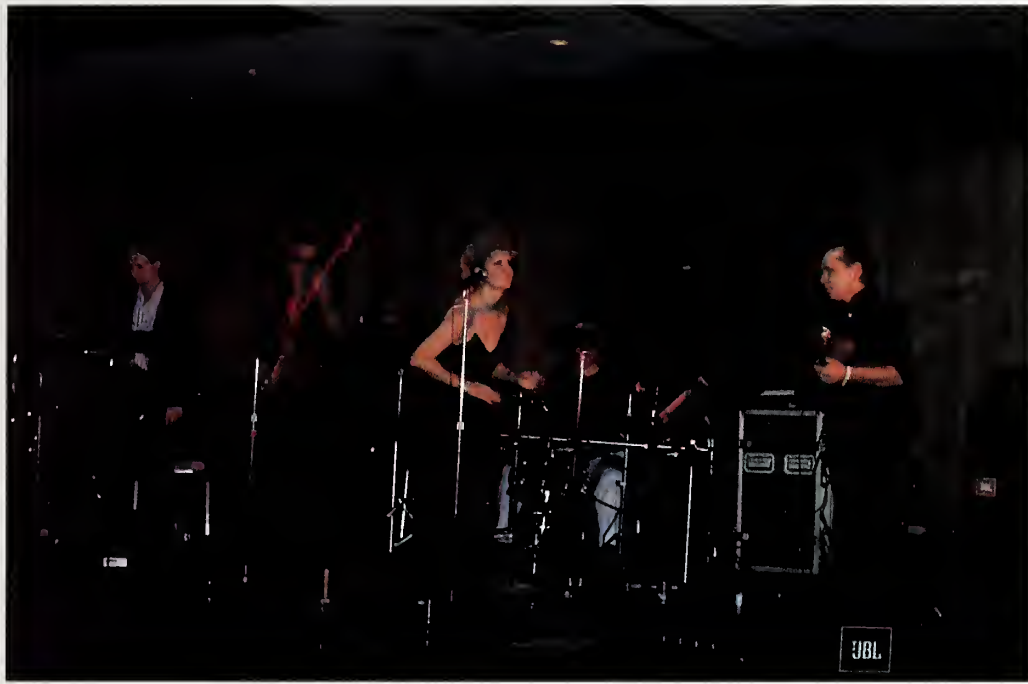




Christmas Dance

The Christmas Dance, sponsored by Campus Union, was a big hit this year, when six people won fully decorated Christmas trees. The band "Station to Station" played a wide variety of music that everyone enjoyed. The dance floor at Ocean Dunes Resort stayed full of couples from 8:00 p.m. until 1:00 a.m.





At the beginning of the fall semester various clubs and organizations on campus were given the chance to introduce themselves to the new and returning students at Coastal. During the course of the day students were able to enjoy the music of the "Killer Whales." Every student that took the time to become acquainted with a new club or organization was also able to enjoy free food provided by Fat Backs.









Miss Coastal 1988

This year's Miss USC-Coastal Carolina Pageant was held on January 23, 1988. The pageant's coordinator was Mark Porter and the head of the tech crew was Kevin Werner. If it were not for these two gentlemen and their crews, the event would not have been such a great success. This year's pageant was extremely fun for all of the girls involved, however; only one could win the honor. The theme of the pageant was "You've Got the Look" by Prince. Each girl had it but, Louanne Moore walked away with the title of Miss Coastal 1988. The finalists were first runner-up, Rebekah Browne; second runner-up, Kimberly Thomas; and the other two finalists were Mandy Singleton and Mindy Spires. The other talented contestants were Eadie Cockerill, Dibbe Dennis, Frances Driggers, Valerie Gore, Kristee Niziol, Diana Parker and Christina Peeler.









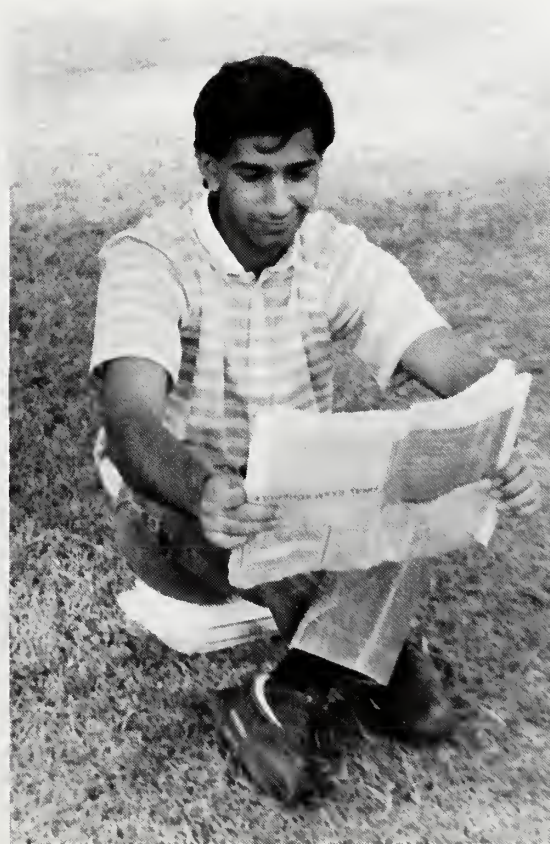












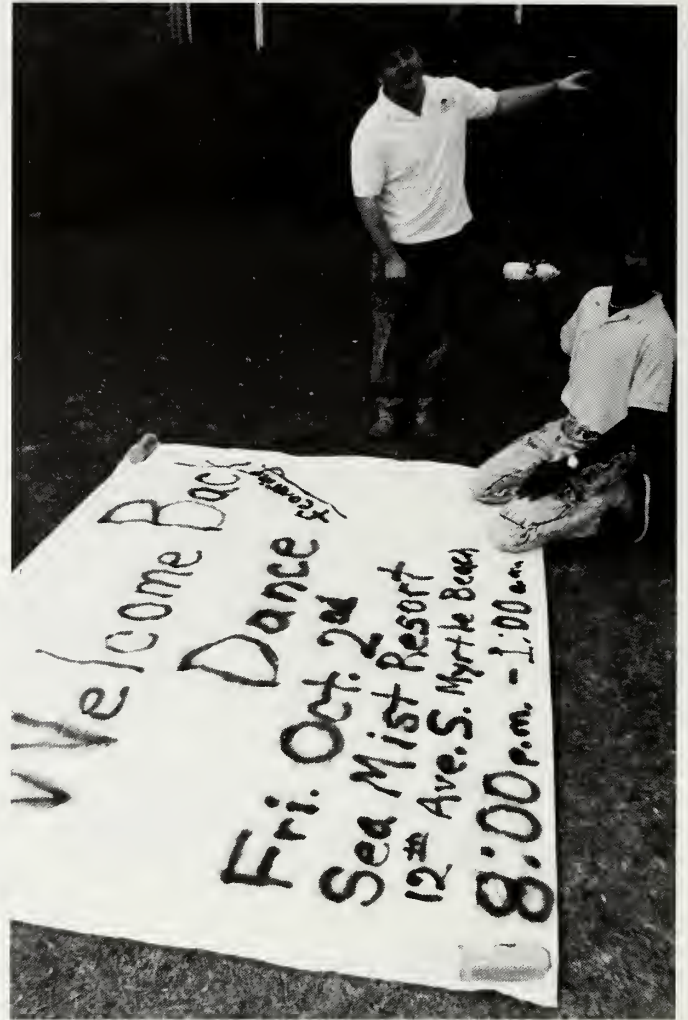
A Very Merry Christmas

The Upstage Company sponsored a heart warming event for the handicapped children. The Christmas party was exciting. The look on the faces of all the children when they were opening their gifts from Santa Claus explained it all. With the help from Santa's elves, everyone there enjoyed cake, ice cream and punch.

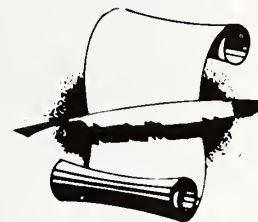




Campus Union



Student Government



Math Club



Coastal Concert Choir



Sigma Phi Epsilon



Fishing Club



Psychology Club



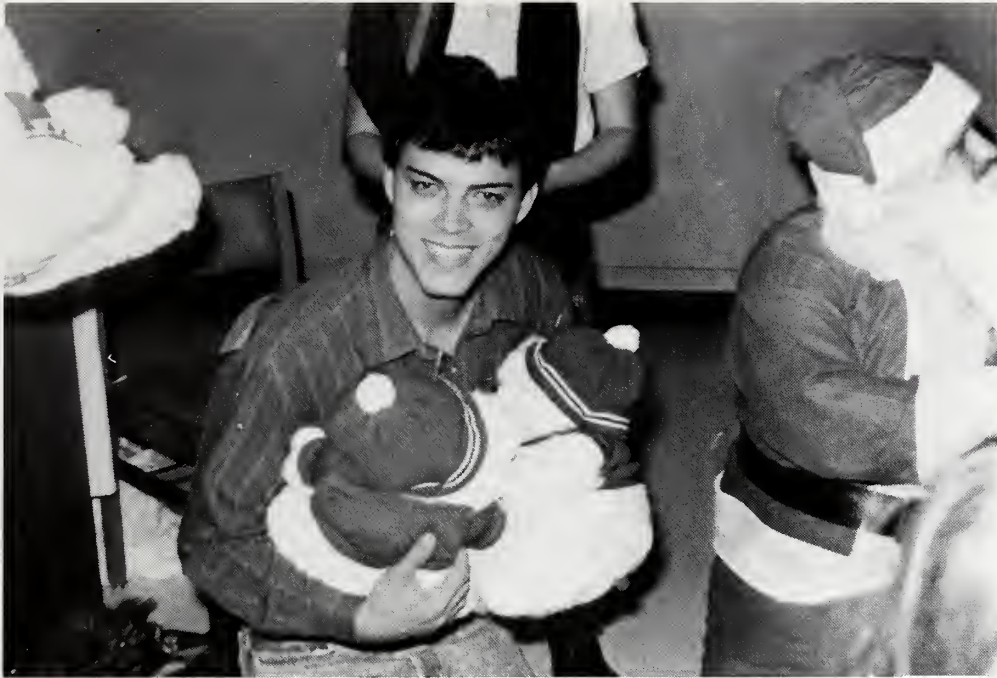
Alpha Kappa Alpha



Omicron Delta Kappa





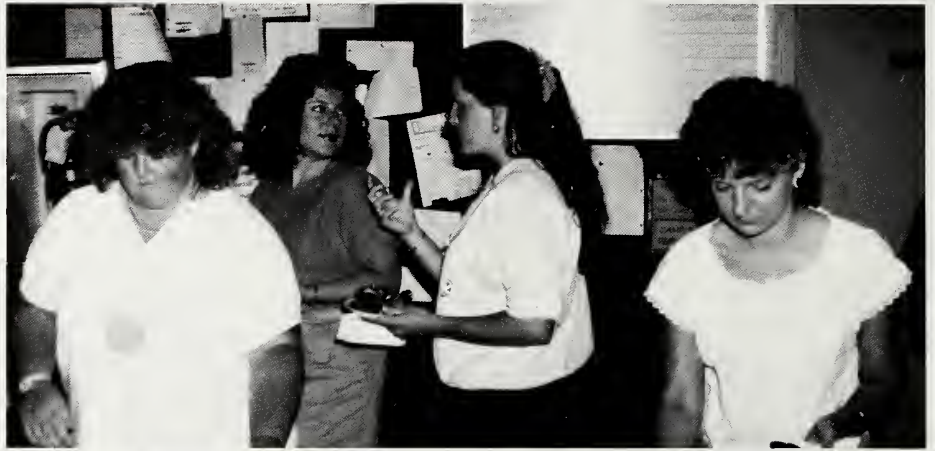














Classes



Fernando Arechiga



Lisa Briggs



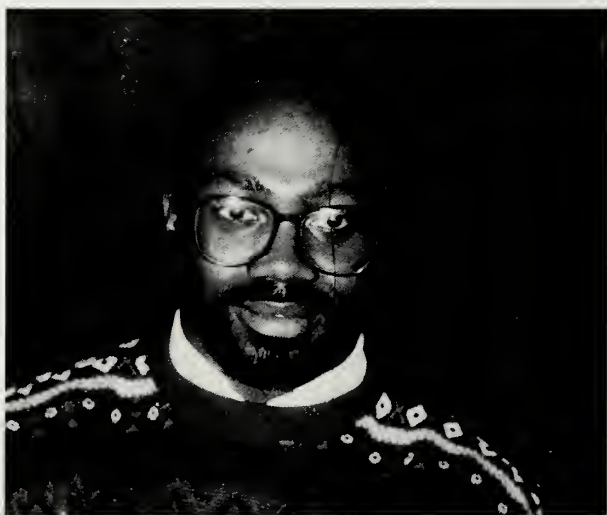
Harold Brown



Troy Brown



Cathy Calaham



Craig Campbell



Kirk Cox



Dibbe Dennis



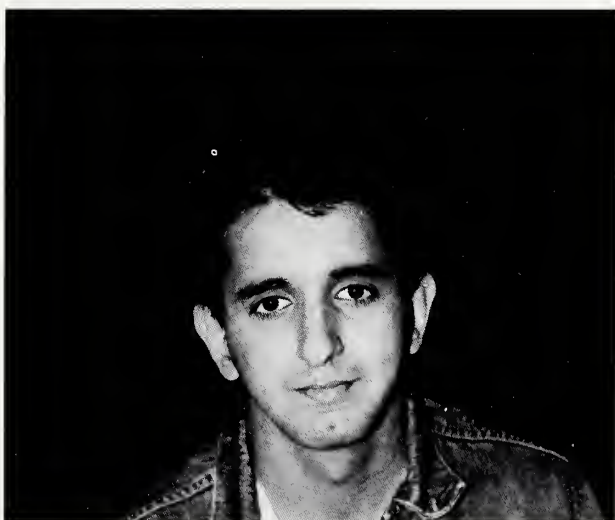
Steve Dew



Frances Driggers



Page French



Rajesh Gidwani



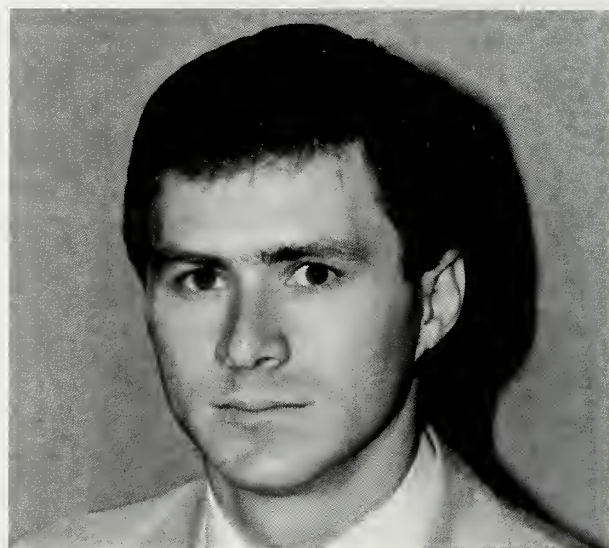
Ebbie Gore



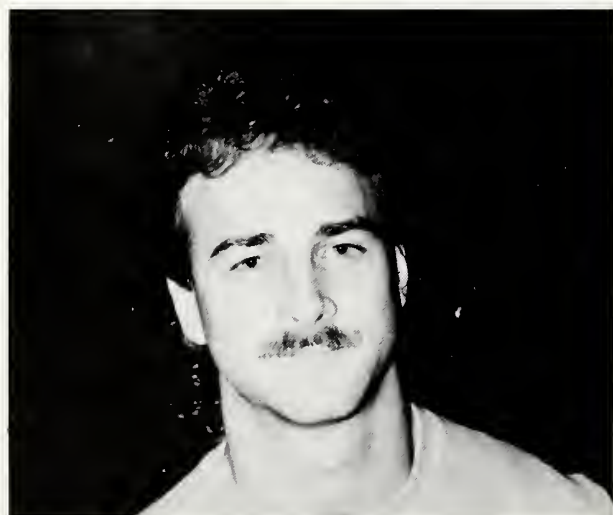
J. Alexander Green



Michael Horton



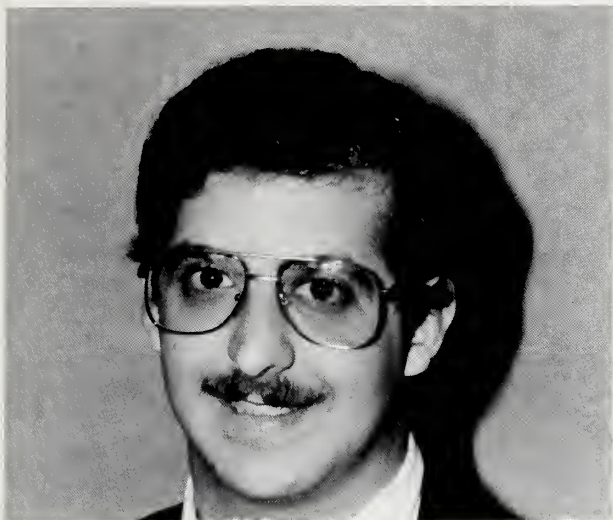
Terry Housand



Rusty Jones



Pam Lawrimore



Richard Lipton



Dennis Marvin



Victoria Mashoures



Margaret Mishoe



Dianna Parker



Gary Puriton



Andy Rosenbaum



Sandra Saunders



Mike Shepard



Karen Simmons



Brian Stone



Kevin Thomas



Bill Thompson



Michele Vanucchi



Connie Waldorf



Richard Weldon



Kevin Werner



Tom Wiemken

Homecoming Queen 1988

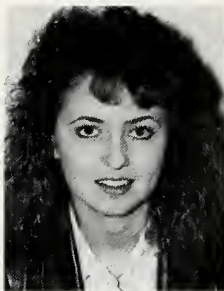
Francis Driggers

First Runner-Up
Daphne Stewart
Second Runner-Up
Louanne Moore





Robert Abrams
Donna Adams
James Adams
Chip Addy
Linda Akers



John Allen
Carmen Alston
Amy Altman
Anthony Ambuhl
Laura Baker



Rebecca Baker
Earle Bartlett
Kevin Baxter
Beverly Becher
David Beck

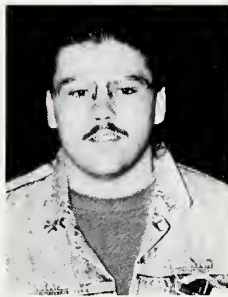


Vanessa Becknell
Rhonda Bell
Robin Bell
Sherry Bell
Stefanie Bell





Cynthia Bellamy
Vera Blake
Jenny Blidenhofer
Teri Brady
Judy Branton



Carlton Bridges
Donna Bridges
Rhonda Bryant
Robert Cail
Leisa Cannon



Anthony Cape
Christopher Carroll
Linda Carroll
Amy Caskey
Ron Cassidy



Trent Chambers
Byrnie Chapman
Robert Chestnut
Melissa Coker
Carol Colwell



Amy Collins
 Todd Conner
 Jeff Corley
 John Corwin
 Christine Dall



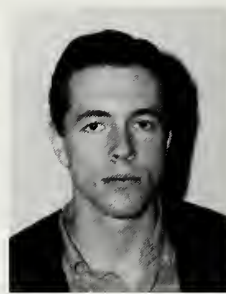
Lakiesha Dandridge
 Jodie Davis
 Samantha Dennison
 Anee Deskins
 Robin Dowell

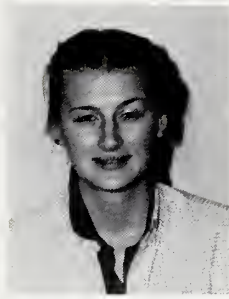
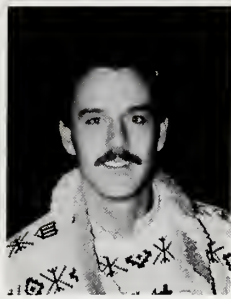


Rachelle Drakeford
 Joy Duggan
 Leslie Duggan
 Christine Dyson
 Dale Edmonds

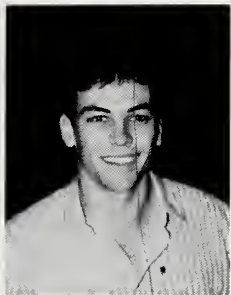


Treva Ellis
 Beverly Elkins
 Kathryn Elmore
 Doug Engstrom
 Lorie Faircloth





Barbara Ferrell
William Finlayson
Bruce Fletcher
Connie Fletcher
Pamela Flinchum



Denise Floyd
Elvin Floyd
Lounette Floyd
Sam Floyd
Rodney Fogner



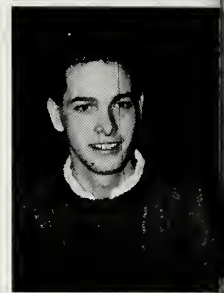
Randy Furtner
Brian Candelot
Tyronne Gaston
Steven Geiger
Dianne Gerrald



Valerie Gore
James Grant
Marcus Gray
Susan Gray
Sandra Griffith



Kristi Griggs
Jackie Grimes
Wayne Haggard
Sandy Halterman
Greg Hamlin



Kelly Hamric
Bryan Hardee
Amber Harrington
Michele Haynes
Linda Heefner

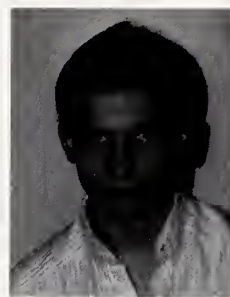


Angie Herring
Anthony Heyward
Scott High
Christine Hills
Andrea Hodges



James Holladay
Mary Holley
John Horton
John Houde
Wayland Huggins





Melissa Hughes
Michelle Hunkins
Randy Hutson
Rebecca James
Brett Jensen



Dawn Johnson
Gina Johnson
Victor Johnson
Dorothy Jones
Elizabeth Jordan



Carole Keistler
Edwin Kephart
Richard Kherlopian
Karin Kilpatrick
Richard Kirkland



Chris Kolbe
Sara Kresic
Debra LaCourse
Jawana Ladson
Kent Lamb



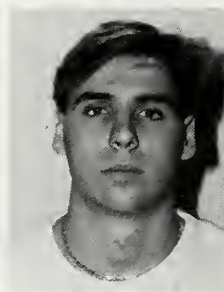
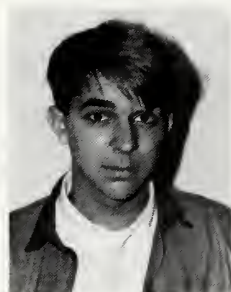
Patrick Lannigan
Anthony Latimer
Katie Lawrence
Doris Lawson
Gary Lewis



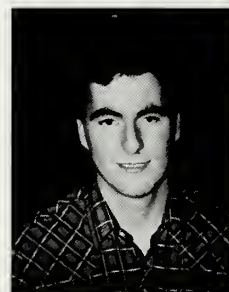
Janette Lewis
Cynthia Liguori
Susan Lisenby
Jennifer Livingston
Nadine Livingston



Budman Locklear
Elsie Lovero
David Loy
Michael Lycans
Jeff Marlowe



Denise Martin
Bennie Mayes
Stephanie Mayo
Jerry McClure
Jimmy McClure





Greg McKenzie
Robert McManus
Myra McNatt
Mary McNeill
Walker McQuage



Jim Melvin
Ulrika Meurling
Hal Mitchell
Janey Mitchell
Marie Mitchell



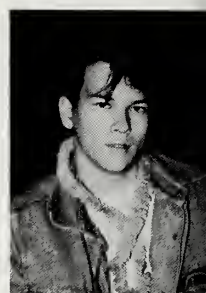
Richard Momberger
Tracy Morris
Dolores Nanie-Braddick
Rogie Nelson
Mark Nettles



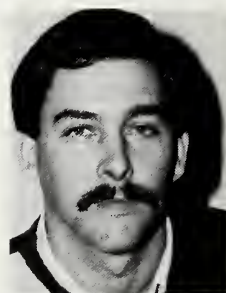
Nathan Newbury
Katrina Newman
Kristee Niziol
Hao Van Nguyen
Renee Ocain



Janet Oliver
Evelyn Olson
Paul Orr
William Owens
Bryan Pardue



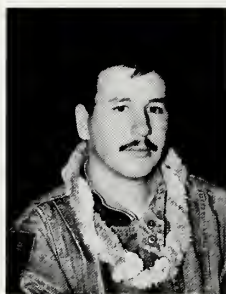
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Anita Patel
Rupal Patel
Michael Patrick
Rodney Pitts

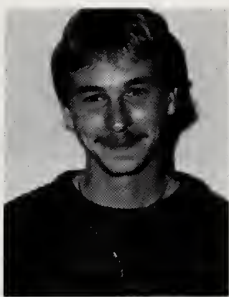


Sandra Plance
Michelle Plutto
Mark Porter
John Rahnavard
Pamela Ramsey



Gwen Rawls
Pam Raxter
Ratt Reed
Tracy Reed
Joseph Reotto





Anthony Roberts
Nelson Rogers
William Rourke
Julie Rowan
Aniza Rowe



Richard Seantlebury
Randy Schilsky
Drew Scott
Rika Shekar
Ken Siler



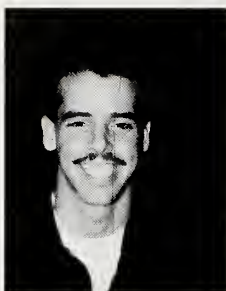
Emily Skews
Teresa Skinner
Audrey Skipper
Benzena Smalls
Elisabeth Smith



Eva Smith
Janet Smith
Anita Sperling
Kathy Stackhouse
Stephanie Stawicki



Esther Suggs
Jason Thomas
Tammy Toogood
Rita Tyler
Debra Umhoefer



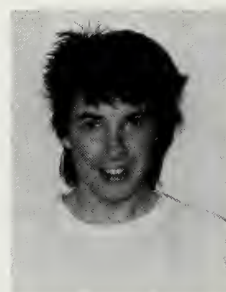
Sherry Varn
Monica Vereen
Brenda Viers
Michael Vinson
Kelvin Watkins

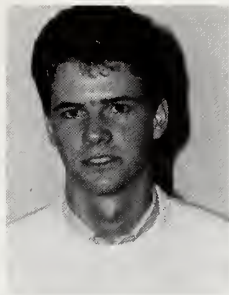


Crystal Watts
Sandy Weaver
Lynn-Marie Welch
T'Chaka West
Eileen White



Eva Wieland
Debbie Wilkinson





Debbie Williams
Hamilton Williams
Thomas Williams
Sarah Wilson
Penny Winslow



Richard Woods
Jeff Woodward
Edee Wortman
Stacy Wyeth
Alison York



Kim Youngnam
Steve Young
Michelle Zebell



Chanticleer

Coastal Carolina Jazzettes

J
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Natalie — Capt.

Diana — Co.

Christine

Jennifer

Sharon

Greta

Toyota

“Go Chants!”



A
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Spirit! Catch It!



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Co-Captains
Dibbe Dennis &
Karen Simmons
Others:
Sandy Hardwick
Mindy Spires
Ché Allsbrook
Dana Fowler
Linda Mickley
Lisa Ashby



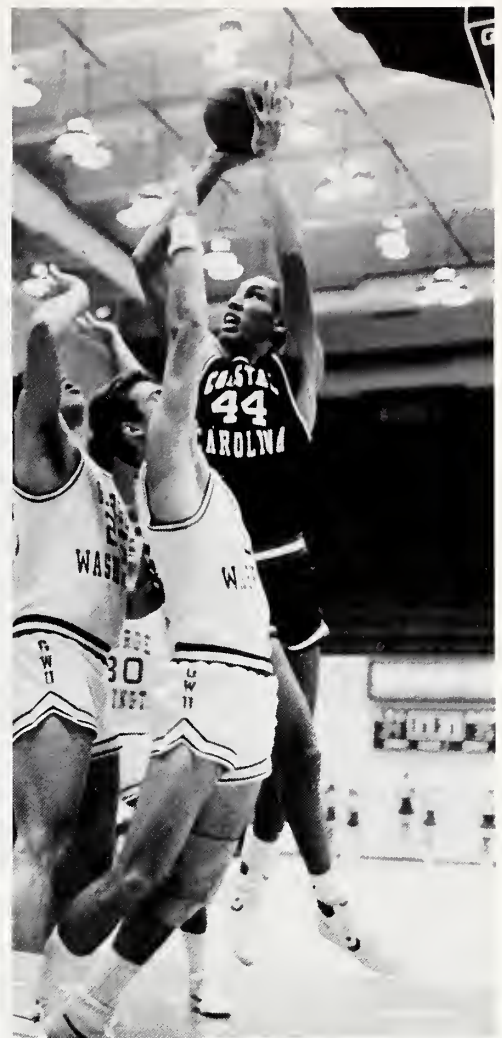
Coastal Carolina Basketball



First Row: Tony Thompson (manager), Greg Woods, Dave Mooney, Brian Penny, Stuart Ryan, Greg Moody, Robert Dowdell, Ken Clarkson, Todd Coleman. Back Row: Russ Bergman (coach), William Calvin, Derek Wilson, Mike Anderson, Dwayne Cheatam, Bob Tidwell, Richard Scantlebury, Jim Baker, Chuck Hood.



100-3 pointers for Mooney



LADY CHANTS!



Front Row: Terri Steed, Debbie Cornell. Second Row: Beth Surdakowski, Stacy Phillips, DeAndra Montgomery, Pam Bryant, Dana Lam. Back Row: Mary Perry, Rhonda Grant, Cathy Hadley.

Coastal Carolina Lady Spikers!



Paul Drannon, Kelly Hanburger, Lynn Smith, Kathy Hadley, Debbie Mintz, Chuck Hood (coach). Front Row: Kristine Sowala, Tami McCauley, Laura Love, Dana Lam.

Coastal Carolina Baseball Team!



Bottom Row: Tony Spires, Al Michaslowksi, Plwden Nelson, Torre Boem, Scott Fowler, Dave Mederios, John Malatia, Mike Waters, Mick Badnarski. Second Row: Alan Eoff (manager), Mark Howle, Steve Roth, Larry Farley, Terry Spries, Glenn Fortner, Greg Streett, Pat Overton, Mickey Brewer, Jack Jolly, Randy Stokes, Mike Prochaska. Top Row: Jess Damelly (coach), Robbie Jordan, Mike Bradley, Tim Shaw, Bobby Hargett, Matt Logue, Tim Holmes, Kevin Thomas, Pete Powers, Kevin Carpin, Tom Dedin (coach), John Vrooman (head coach).

Coastal's New Addition — Ladies Golf Team



Kristee Niziol, Carole Haatvedt, Nickie Gainey, Lynn Smith, Coach Ed Dyer, Michelle Vanucchi, Christine White, Tammi McCaudy.

Men's Golf Team — Go Guys



Wayne Stephanouski, Brian Lamb, Eddie Dennis, Billy Bernier (coach), John Faily, Chris Gale, Bob Ramsey. Not Pictured: Tim Jackson, David Sapp, Gus Pick.

Coastal's Cross Country Team



Top Row: Lou Nordean, Mike Kelly, Harold Brown, Jr., Darren Merritt. Bottom Row: Nikki Montgomery, Julie Rowan, Lisa Ferrara, Chris White, Sonya Vertacknicki. Not Pictured: Tom Drake, Jed Duvall, Bob Carr, Mary Perry.

The Award Winning Soccer Team



Bottom Row, Left to Right: Kevin Roper (Keeper Coach), Karl Hjalmarsson, Brad Myers, Gubi Jonsson, Mark Burgwin, Luis Pacheco, Erick Kuhnke, David Skulason, Michael Herman (Asst. Coach). Second Row: Buton Fennell (trainer), Julius Thorfinnsson, Hilmar Arnason, Dereck Nelson, Kiddi Agustasson, Abdulla Haddad, Anton Jakobsson, David Marx. Top Row: John Banta (manager), Cornel McKenzie, Oli Sveinbjornsson (Captain), Paul Banta (Coach).



“Tennis Anyone?”



Penny Coker, Trish Connell, Lucky, Roberta Ziegler, Billy Williams (coach), Christine Mack, Ann Goodwin, Julie Hall.

The Netters



Bottom Row: Carlos Marcham, Dave Boron, Nigel Gresham, Jason Thomas, John Hinkson. Top Row: Jody Hyden, Dave Hagymas, Chris Wienhold, Sunjay Jarrym, coach: Billy Williams.



Literature

Sepulcher Literary Review

Staff

Editor

Paul B. Orr

Layout and Design

Richard Weldon

Tomm Hardee

Theresa Kearney

Linda Carroll

At Large

Robert Sullivan

Scott Koverman

John Elder

Barry Owens

Becky Bradham

Advisor

Glenda Sweet

Selection Committee

Tomm Hardee

Tom Weimken

Molly Starbuck

Glenda Sweet

Linda Hollingsworth

Terry Barnett

Paul Orr

Martha Thomas

Official Mascot

Joe Dog

This section of the 1988 Sepulcher is dedicated to my lovely wife, who is expecting our first child at any moment! Sherri, I thank you from deep within my heart for your understanding and patience as both of our "deadlines" approached.

Your faithful Joe.

Paul

1988 Award Winners

Essay

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Gregg Cooper

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2. Sean vs. Machine: I, II, III

Sean Lucey

p. 95

3. Piedmont Aurora

Edgar Dyer

p. 87-90

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1. The Loved and Hated Man

David Hucks

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2. Children's Matinee

James H. Brown

p. 91

3. You're Gorgeous

Amato Petale

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1. Farm House Scene

Shawn Watts

inside cover

2. Marvis T. Gentry and Spot

Dave Bell

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Love Poem (For Venus and Diana)

O.K. So I have seen it.
What's so glamorous?
You sweat and grunt, too.
Penthouse lied.
Now I'm shrink — wrapped;
I can't escape this mourning breath — so bland.
The way my tongue feels
Against the wooden stick
After the popsicle is gone.

Tomm Hardee

Dionysus Finally

Careening, writhing
Frenzied ecstatic dance — worship.
Cool autumn sweat
Evaporates
Amidst pulsing drum currents
Streaking chills on fallow flesh.

Spiralling towards the glow
I glimpse fervid eyes smiling invitations
(Heart throbbing veins in my temples)
mind soaring,
Veils ripping,
Eyes flooding,
Love flux.
I am Him, me, you; we are you, us, I.
Immaculate Perception.
Blood of God.

Now my tongue rasps
Across the bitter crust
Hinging the corners of my mouth.
I know my lips are stained with blood.

I crouch in the shadows,
Light sucked from my eyes,
Rotting with mere crippled memories of
The Dance.

Tomm Hardee

Social Disease

Label, limit, describe and define:
God's got an essence,
Let's call it Divine.

Your child's a slow learner —
Good poems always rhyme,
Label, limit describe and define.

Steve's schizophrenic,
Gary is gay,
Ann's anorexic,
Beth's a quick lay.

Harry's a hippy,
Norman's a nerd,
Biff is a yuppie:
Haven't you heard?

Nigel's a nigger,
Charlie's a chink,
Walter is white trash,
Pedro's a spic.

Pugilistic micks,
And money-hungry jews,
Alcoholic Indians . . .
To name a very few.

Famine is fatal.
Aids takes more time.
Sticks and stones will break your bones,
But murder is no crime.

Evolution is a paradox,
Maturation, but a line;
When we Label, limit, describe and define.

Tomm Hardee

Spaghetti . . .

Spaghetti is such a fine food. Quick, easy, delicious, nutritious, inexpensive, and filling. Let's thank the Chinese for thinking of it. If it hadn't been for them, we'd be out in the cold with hog dogs. In my one month at Coastal, I've eaten more spaghetti than I've eaten all year. With plenty of carbohydrates, and whatever else it has, it keeps one in tip-top shape. Unless, of course, you eat too much of it. Then you become a fat little person. As for easy, all one has to do is throw some noodles into boiling water, and open a jar of Ragu or Prego.

Personally, it is the best thing I make (other than my monster meat loaf). My spaghetti noodles are always sticky though. After straining the things, they become one giant glob of squirming pasta. They taste good, so I don't complain.

In closing, I have only the highest regards for spaghetti. Yes, spaghetti is spaghetti is spaghetti.

Todd Ward

I don't like:

Inconsideration, diet drinks, losing my hair, guilt, anger, people who smack their gum, the way people in Irmo, S.C. pronounce O's, lack of intelligence, those lacking intelligence — (i.e.: Prince, Whitney Houston, Tammy Faye Bakker), pretentiousness, politics, hypocrisy, flatulence, moist potato chips, opera, Jordache commercials, people who wear lots of makeup and skimpy bathing suits, apathy, the breakup of The Who, spiders, crowds, drunk drivers, drunkenness in general, rudeness, snot covered demons from Hell, fumes, laziness, arrogance, prostitution, Spuds MacKenzie, tiredness, people with more than 12 items in the "express" line, acid washed clothes, fast food, zoo breath, wimpy handshakes, and 10 absences.

I like:

People, children, dogs (especially puppies), well placed cuss words, designated smoking areas, nice people, guitars, music, The Who, The Who, Bach, geniuses who don't know it, breathing and all those other nice things we take for granted, Osmeroid Italics pens, Ibenez, pizzas, families that are, frisbees, the Men's Room after 3 beers and a long movie, new razor blades, old shoes, fireplaces, life in general, straight hair, silk ties, cellos, Boston, airplanes, pipesmoke, mechanical pencils, good books, Steve Via — and Susan 'cause she looks like him, places where snot-covered demons from Hell can't find me, my Mother and cousins, my car when it runs, variable capacitance, Lexican delays, E.M.G. Pickups, Elmer's school glue, The Literacy for Car Salesmen's Movement, chili cheeseburgers from the Sky View, shooting stars, big snowflakes, little rain drops, and no promises.

David Buyck

PLAYLAND

Dead candy wrappers tossed by ocean breezes from curb to curb
Coke-can corpses left alone with their virtue sucked from them
Neon signs shut off for a winter's sleep
and the cocooned economy will only employ
 some who will sweep
Each year it's refund
Each year it begins
The horses run the merry-go-round
The ferris wheel spins
 for now they're all home
Money made and spent once more
these people who came
as in years before
they'll come again, the merchants pray
as the farmer does for rain one day
 for now they're all home
 left with as they came, in hurried pace,
 a bitter sweet place
 near the ocean and next to the sand.
Playland.

The Age of Sudden Death

Stay low,
so you can't fall far.
Hold tight,
so you don't lose hold
any day now the sky may fold

Watch that plane,
don't trust things over head.
One day they fly,
the next we're all dead.

Slow down,
don't live so fast.
This is the future,
and now is our past.

The nuclear age,
the last in line.
We'll burn out,
the sun will shine.

The Romans

I've watched friends who have come and gone
and the joy and pain goes on and on
in the heart one wonders why,
the world can be so cruel
then again, I'm a fool
to feel sorrow for trivial American emotions
when across simple oceans,
people with no food count as their children die
and here for lover's games
we bow a pathetic head to cry
America the trivial
God shed distance on thee.

The Reason

Bravery, bravery to live your life
Chivalry, chivalry to protect your wife
Intelligence, intelligence to see your way
Loyalty, loyalty so that you will not stray
Persistence, persistence to get things done
Memory, memory to keep freedoms, hard won
Insight, insight to share and perceive
Faith, faith to cherish and believe
Motivation, motivation to lift you to your task
Love, love certainly you need not ask
Love is the reason for virtue.

All Work by Robert B. Sullivan

You're Gorgeous

Lie to me, Baby,
Tell me no truth.
I know I'm balding
And long in the tooth.
But I need you, Baby,
As consummate proof,
That I'm gorgeous.
Tell me I'm gorgeous.

Lie to me, Baby,
Tell me forsooth
How much you love me,
My brain and my loot;
My roof and my threads,
And my body to boot.
Am I brilliant?
Tell me I'm brilliant.

Lie to me, Baby,
Truth ain't no fun.
It's lies make the living
Keep on the run.
No sulking, Baby,
Just the greatest of highs:
Tell me those lies,
I love them highs!

Amato Petale

Longing

They found him Grand-daddy's old trunk
and helping him write his name
in all his t-shirts and cut-offs
because they know if he lost them at home.
he'd surely be running around naked at camp.

So the little freckle-faced tough kid
said his good-byes like the champ that he was,
and he went on to camp.

And there they must have thought
he was the most healthy, obedient, All-American dynamo,
that in the truest sense of the word he was —
and is.

But when the sun went down,
and he could hear the sailboat's masts clicking in the breeze,
I know he retreated to his little bunk
where the comfort of the feather pillow
and the old cotton blanket from home
protected his silent cry.

Caroline Brunson

The Sexual Encounter

Define this feeling if you can,
Conquer the temptation and control it again.
You ask me when it all will end?
No time soon, that you can depend.
The feeling is too great — it can't be shook,
It feels like an incision — please take a look.
Can you see the heart all torn apart?
Can you see the love drained from my heart?
Passion is deadly — reborn with a touch,
Lust is within me; I need his embrace so much.
He comes to me like a spirit in the night,
His body sways before me as he dims the lights.
Our naked bodies converge with a delicious delight,
Passion rises high with a feeling that was so right.
As our gliding motion accelerated, so did the heat of the room,
Body heat was smoking and the climax was coming soon.
Our bodies felt as one, as our heart beats sped,
Frantically we clung to one another, as we grasped and beat the bed.
Our bodies relaxed as our passionate activity came to an end,
We faced each other with smiles on our faces — totally out of wind.
He left my bed like an image — not real but a made-up dream,
I called out to him loudly with an involuntary scream.
He said he would come back, but he never did,
My heart patiently waited for him like a small, naive kid.
The pain in my heart is so immense and bottled up inside,
Every night I await our next encounter — I miss our Sexual ride.

De'Andra Montgomery

"Piedmont Aurora"

by Edgar Dyer

The birds had yet to begin their morning conversations. Occasional streetlights and glowing kitchen windows of early risers provided the only respite from thorough darkness. The blue Schwinn's tires grumbled across the coarse asphalt, as the rider pedalled methodically past orderly rows of similar houses.

Lee Lister moved through his routine with obvious efficiency. The tightly folded newsprint had to land and stay on front porches without banging against the door or knocking over milk bottles. This was quite a challenge, the porches being only four feet square. But after three years of tossing the *Peakville Venture*, one of North Carolina's faithful morning journals, he had confidence in his accuracy and a mastery of the rolling terrain.

Because most of the customers punched a very early time clock, foredawn delivery was mandatory. This would give them ample time to read the news and sports, or, more accurately, the sports and news. Such information was vital to the day's debates and discussions, without which the working day would pass very slowly. A brief but forceful lecture from one of his less eloquent customers had quickly educated Lee to the importance of being punctual.

His route of sixty-two deliveries was confined to his own neighborhood, South Park Village, a development of two and three bedroom houses on small lots. The Village was built hurriedly after the War to accommodate the soon-to-be families of veterans returning from exotic and foreign places like Berlin, Tokyo, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The thin Monday paper made today's folding and transport a snap. Lee was finishing this morning's rounds in very good time. The first light of day for the first day of July was breaking. The second half of 1963 was underway.

Lee guided his bicycle along Bradley Avenue, the Village on his left and South Park Golf Club on his right. A place of recreation for Peakville's blue collar golfers, the course was a WPA project and had been a welcome source of income for the locals who built it during the Depression. In this part of the country, as in most other parts, Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal had performed a dual purpose: it had put food on tables and hope in hearts.

Lee could see the South Park maintenance crew beginning their daily chores of cutting grass and raking sand. Powermowers were already noisily trimming yesterday's growth from the greens. Surrounded by fairways still covered with dew, these freshly shaved putting surfaces appeared like lush Celtic islands in a faintly-glimmering sea. In another two hours the sun, now halfway into the horizon, would burn away the remaining moisture.

Completing his last toss, Lee rounded the corner of Bradley Avenue and headed toward his home on MacArthur Circle. Coasting down the driveway to the backyard, he entered by the backdoor right into the kitchen. He handed his father a copy of the *Venture*, the town's faithful morning journal, and took a seat at the table.

After consuming several helpings of eggs, bacon, and grits, he proceeded to the bathroom for a shower and change of clothes. The family's morning ritual included a huddle to compare schedules for the day, just before the elder Lister drove away to his textile mill foreman's job.

The meeting completed, Lee walked to the corner of MacArthur and Bradley to await the 7:45 bus that would transport him to his summer job as caddymaster at Amberwood Country Club crosstown, a trip too lengthy for cycling comfortably.

Threading its way through the Village, the bus could always be heard before it came into sight. Lee listened to the din several blocks over. While stopped to pick up passengers, the old relic would idle with all the agitation and excitement of a bloodhound sniffing the fresh scent of opossum. It would then strike off from the curb with a purposeful gasping, not unlike a choking person trying to breathe. Once underway, the engine accomplished its task with even more effort and wheezing.

Depending on the angle of the sun, this tired common-carrier now approaching was either dark yellow or light orange, with a gray roof. The bifold entry door stopped exactly in front of Lee and flung open like Al Jolson's arms concluding "Mammy."

Boarding, he dropped a dime into the token box and took a seat. Few passengers rode this time of day. It was too late for the factory crowd and too early for the office workers and shop clerks.

A pair of notices were stencilled on the metal headliner above the driver. The top notice of "No Smoking" was generally ignored, as evidenced by the cigarette hanging from the driver's lips.

The other, underneath, was an anachronism which no one had yet deemed outdated enough to remove. It read: "Colored Riders Please Proceed to the Rear." This sign was not ignored, at least by those whose conduct it sought to regulate. It was not enforced, though, there being no question of its illegality. These seven words had become a memorial to tradition. Accordingly, Negroes still congregated at the back and the white riders still sat toward the front. Occasionally, a Negro or two would sit among the whites. This was not as much a challenge to segregation as it was being too tired from the day's work to walk any further than necessary.

No Negroes got on this bus until midtown, when its destination became the Amberwood Country Club neighborhood. At midtown the maids, cooks, and nannies of Amerwood transferred on.

All of the buses were owned and operated by City Hall. They had thirty minute routes on each side of town, north and south, so that each driver would make a one-hour loop. After congregating in the middle of town on the hour and half-hour, allowing time for the exchange of passengers, the eight buses would head out to their appointed circuits.

The destination box of Lee's bus always read "South Park Village — Amberwood," so he never had to transfer. Each workday morning he viewed the same sampling of landscape in his hometown in the heart of the North Carolina Piedmont.

Peakville, counting 52,051 inhabitants by the 1960 Census, was not an a typical Piedmont town. With its proximity to an abundance of hardwood trees, it had begun during Andrew Jackson's presidency as a furniture manufacturing settlement along a central Carolina railroad line. Just down the road in Salisbury, President Jackson had spent his youth. Several prudish historians have suggested that he instead mis-spent his youth there, as they incredibly found no redeeming value in the young Old Hickory's barroom brawling and womanizing. Such activities are still completely acceptable to all but the gentry here. That would please Andrew.

Textile mills came to Peakville later, attracted by skilled labor so near the cotton fields and swiftly flowing rivers providing power. The Scots-Irish immigrants who populated the region had earned a solid reputation as reliable and competent workers.

Peakville had grown from settlement to village to municipality with a sanctioning charter from offcaldom to Raleigh. The city fathers platted the boundaries as a circle. A set of east-west Southern Railway tracks and a north-south Main Street caused the city map to look like crosshairs in a rifle scope. The consequent quadrants were distinct and dissimilar.

Southwest contained the industry, still consisting mainly of furniture factories and textile mills. Southeast was working-class residential. Northwest contained the middle-class and gentry neighborhoods, the College, and Peakville High School.

Northeast was "colored town" and had its own schools. Even though segregated schools had been declared unconstitutional some nine years ago, the Peakville school system was integrated only on a token basis. The Supreme Court of the United States had proclaimed that segregation should be ended with all "deliberate speed." The Peakville School Board could be credited with obeying at least part of that phrase.

Quakers had been the greatest influence on Negro education here, having founded a school for freedom almost a century earlier. Those same Quakers had been active in the underground railroad which had smuggled Negroes from Southern agricultural slavery into the relative liberty of Northern industrial serfdom. Peakville's Negro high school was named in honor of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, the Quakers' formal title.

These quadrants were joined at the hub by a central business district, or "downtown." Passing through there this Monday, Lee noticed through the bus window that another store had been recently vacated. It had not closed its doors for want of business, but had moved to the new College Heights Shopping Center. To downtown merchants this retail menace squatted at the edge of town like a ravenous beast, devouring their affluent customers, their profits, and their property values. A little of the downtown bustle was already noticeably gone, having migrated to that paved mecca of plentiful parking spaces and covered walkways.

Lee's bus was now passing over Wilson Bridge, a landmark recognized as the middle of the city. The structure was built over a man-made valley for the Railway tracks. Both the bridge and valley were yet another pair of WPA projects. A not insignificant fact was that Wilson Bridge was named for Peakville's first City Manager and not for an elected official. Few publicly-funded projects commemorate the hired help. Peakville, though, appreciated efficient government and effective administrators, as evidenced by this monument.

Political life in the city reflected the region's trends. The prevailing philosophy was still decidedly conservative and Democrats still held a majority on City Council. The Republicans were making great inroads, however. This was due less to the popularity of the Eisenhower years than to the unpopularity of the Kennedy clan. With Peakville's help, North Carolina had cast its votes for JFK in 1960 with a suspicious eye on his Catholicism and his reputed liberal leanings. He had done little to increase the suspicions, but the name of Republican Senator Barry Goldwater was gathering more and more acceptance. And the GOP had always enjoyed great support in northwest Peakville, naturally.

In other regions of the United States, the Democratic Party could always depend on organized labor and myriad ethnic groups to pull through tough times. But in Peakville the words "organized" and "labor" were never coupled, except maybe to describe a physician-assistant birth. Furthermore, there were few names in the Peakville Telephone Directory which ended with a vowel. With the exception of a few Greek restaurateurs and a scattering of Jews, ethnics were a rarity. Most all local genealogy could be traced to northwestern Europe and western Africa. Negroes were beginning to demand civil and political rights and this was creating tensions in the once-solid Democratic South. Understandably, the local branch of Mr. Jefferson's party was not looking forward to the 1964 elections.

The Bible had always been taken very seriously and very literally here and fit neatly into Mark Twain's definition of a classic — praised, but not read. The numerous churches and their congregations had demanded and gotten many local ordinances, such as strict regulation on the selling and consumption of alcoholic beverages, no public dancing, and no selling of anything on Sundays except medicine, food, gasoline, and, of course, cigarettes. It had never mattered that the Sabbath of the Bible was actually on Saturday or that the Original Christian knew all about hangovers. What mattered was that these laws were right there on the books in plain view, so that God could see that these people meant to do His will. Enforcement and compliance might be less than zealous, but the important thing was to legislate against Evil.

That fun and frivolity were outlawed here was both curious and ironic, because these people have always loved to tell a good story, laugh loudly and from the belly, and generally celebrate the most basic joys of life.

Another unique trait here is that area residents who could not name their Mayor or Congressman could tell you the name of the *Venture's* sports editor, the subject of his latest column, and the most recent *Venture* "Athlete of the Week." Sports had become an abiding passion, the populace being somewhat consumed by athletic events. Athletes were heroes and all sports were praised. Stock-car racing was even considered a sport and was afforded a special place of honor, as were the champion drivers.

No famous or infamous event or person had ever graced or disgraced Peakville. The closest History had come was Greensboro, a few miles up Interstate 85. The pivotal Battle of Guilford Courthouse during the Revolution was fought there and that city took its name from the commanding General of the American troops. A little over three years ago, in 1960, some Negro students from North Carolina A&T University held the first "sit-in" at a Woolworth's lunch-counter there. Greensboro could also claim two celebrated native sons, O'Henry and Edward R. Murrow.

This inattention of fate to Peakville had forged a spirit of communal humility, of which the city had become a bit too proud. The same has been said of the entire state of North Carolina. Whoever said it, though, has obviously never visited there or conversed with the citizenry, because North Carolinians zealously believe and earnestly declare that God made the Tar Heel State first and for Himself. Only grudgingly did He later turn the place over to them.

According to locals, the beaches and Outer Banks provided God with many hours of recreation and relaxation. The Coastal Plains were fertile for the growing of His favorite foods. The Blue Ridge Mountains

provided Him with a place to gather the inspiration and will to complete Creation.

Between those flat plains and magnificent hills lies the Piedmont, loosely translated from the French as "foot of the mountains." The name itself has remained the only Gallic influence tolerated in the entire region, as the inhabitants value plain dress, plain talk, plain food, and plain dealing. Unfortunately, God didn't spend much time in this softly undulating terrain, as He was understandably in a hurry to complete the Blue Ridge. In His haste He left too much iron in the Piedmont's soil, giving it a permanent reddish color and a texture of clay. He also left too many pine trees. North Carolinians claim that He did this on purpose, though, since North Carolina without pine trees would be too close a facsimile of Heaven.

A region uncommonly ordinary, this is a singular yet simple land of wealth and poverty, of smiles and frowns, of courage and fear, of love and hate.

Through the bus window, Lee noticed the yards, houses, and automobiles gradually getting bigger, signalling the nearness to the Country Club area and his destination.

He reached up and pulled the cord, sounding the buzzer beside the driver. At the next stop, directly in front of the clubhouse, he stepped off the bus and walked toward the proud Colonial structure.

The golf shop was on the far side, facing out to the course. To get there, Lee first had to walk past the caddyshed. No caddies had arrived yet, but the shed would shortly become a very lively place. There always seemed to be animated conversation and never-ending "tonk," a game in which the participants would slam playing cards on the table, hold a heated debate as to the trick's winner, and then proceed to the next hand. The game's rules were not apparent to Lee and an explanation by one of the more successful and seasoned players had not helped.

The caddies had a special language which they used with one another, but were capable of speaking perfect King's English in the presence of Amberwood members. It had taken Lee several weeks to be able to translate the jive phraseology and he was still learning. If a caddy did not want to go "out," as carrying a bag around the course was called, he would announce to Lee that he was "selling wolf tickets." This meant that he had come to the Club that day just to play cards and relax in the caddyshed and had no intention of doing anything resembling work. One of the caddies had recently announced that he was wearing "medicated shades." After some asking around, Lee had determined that the fellow had gotten prescription sunglasses.

His first day on the job last month, Lee had been witness to a very significant event. A truck had backed up to the caddyshed that day and two electric golf carts rolled out, each capable of carrying two golf bags and two riders. The carts were housed in a corner of the shed and were eyed suspiciously by the caddies. Each time a cart was rented, two caddies were put out of work.

When the carts were not in use, they were plugged into a recharger. The flow of electricity made a smug and self-satisfied hum, as if the golf carts knew that their time in history had commenced. It had taken the better part of a century, but the Industrial Revolution had finally found a way to spoil one of the last bastions of unmechanized and unhurried recreation and to concurrently deprive human beings of exercise and honest work.

Striding on toward the golf shop, Lee could see that Jack Bergin was already sitting at a table on the outdoor dining terrace. Jack was the middle-aged reprobate scion of a very wealthy and very prominent industrialist who paid him handsomely to stay away from the family business. He spent most of his days here at the Club, arriving early and departing late.

Jack habitually glanced at his watch all morning, nervously chain-smoking all the while. Then, precisely at twelve o'clock with the sun directly overhead and with the daily test of the Civil Defense sirens blaring from a nearby telephone pole, he would order the first of many scotches-and-water. Jack knew that only an alcoholic would drink before Noon.

Lee finally arrived at the golf shop door. He started to enter, but stopped, suddenly remembering what lay ahead this particular day. Turning to gaze out at the winding fairways, he took a moment to absorb the calm aura of this well-tended expanse of carefully landscaped real estate. Lee knew this serenity was temporary and would soon be shoved aside by a brutally competitive society of golfers, for Monday was always Ladies' Day at the Club.

Reflections on Warmer Days

In Spring, when the Winter
snows melt
into early dawn mists
that cloud
the eyes
and dull
manmade
foreign contrasts
(houses and roads)
into one
beautifully undefined
mixture of color and
when the Summer's noonday heat
hangs in the air
seemingly
forever
like quiet
before a storm
or an unanswered question;
these are the times
I thank God
for Life and
A wide brim straw hat.

by Carlton R. Bridges

"The Children's Matinee"

So often 'pon a crimson stage
the fabricated plots unfold
reflecting such realities
of life so uncontrolled —
The curtain raised by happenstance
on eloquent display
of bitter words and sorrow
at the loss of better days —
The houselights dim, the show begins
the hardest stroke of chance
the story's end is plain to see
for those who look with furtive glance —
Admission bought with shattered hopes
they come to see the play
their brimming eyes are cast upon
the children's matinee.

James H. Brown

The Graffiti Chronicles

A bouquet gathered from desktops and bathrooms at Coastal
Carolina College

Heavy Metal, I've got soul, Sex drugs and Rock and Roll.
Gang of four, Jeff loves Kim, Nazi Punks, Snot and Phlegm.
Jesus is the ultimate dude, Van Halen Rocks, Pig Pen, Hey Jude.
Smoke this week, It's good as —, Chew tobacco, Chew tobacco, Chew tobacco; Spit.
For a good time call Yolanda G. at 656-5123.
Whip me, Beat me, Climb my tree, I drink beer; therefore I pee.
Anarchy in Myrtle Beach, This professor cannot teach.
Jimmy Hendrix — Purple Haze, That Shakespeare sure can turn a phrase.
I like my girl, she gives it free. I'm happy as a psycho on a killing spree.
Ashes to Ashes, I wuz heer, Mustang, Mazda, Mike is a queer.
Toe cheeze, Cool Breeze, Please, Please, Please. — my root, Anne is a tease.

David Buyck

Unnecessary Guilt

By Greg Cooper

As I stood in the bank today, squeezed into the never-ending maze of ropes, I studied the seven black men that I found myself sandwiched between. Each man was in his middle to late forties, skin like the blanket tar and appearing to the eye as leather. They were dressed identically, in required green uniforms, faded, worn. Not completely alike however, as they were each emblazoned with a name patch on their left breast. There were Joe, Billy, Erwin, Zeke, with the others being similar or the same. This minor difference was important I think, because it created some degree of individuality. But what struck me as being even more impressive was the fact that each man went a step further to established more identity by crowning himself with a baseball cap. Each was very distinctive, no two matched.

The life that each man led was surely as meager as his paycheck. I caught a glimpse of one to be \$139 and some change. Does Joe have a wife? How many children does Zeke have? I wonder if I went to school with Zeke's children? I have a difficult time imagining how someone can possibly support a family in today's society with \$139.00 a week. I work myself, and sometimes find it a struggle to make ends meet, and I have only one bill, a car payment, and make more than \$139.00 a week.

Thinking about this has struck a desperate chord in me.

I have grown to become an extremely materialistic person, and now feel guilt riding me, the same guilt I felt when I passed by the Associated Charities building the other day, and witnessed another line. Women, patiently waiting to be next in the growing line, were fortunate enough to rummage through the second-hand treasures. Something that another person had dismissed as worthless to them was something valuable to these women, something actually necessary for them to live. I imagine that it is possible for one or maybe more of these women to be the wife of Erwin, or Billy or Joe or one of the others.

I have experienced similar feelings while driving and notice the car next to mine, outdated and rusted. I can even tell from my lane that the interior of the car is torn and flawed. But what I can not conclude is if the people inside the car are flawed as well. The snob I am says yes and to snub my nose and not give it a second thought, but the remains of the humanitarian that are frequently resurfacing say that I have absolutely no grounds, or right for that matter, to judge them. Anyway, it should not matter if they are flawed. But somehow it does.

As I have always strived to "Keep up with the Jones" I wonder if I should even be having these thoughts. And what should I do with and about these unnerving feelings? In all likelihood I will probably never take the time out to make the slightest effort to do anything, just like most other people.

Two Ships

One ships sails east another west
With self made winds to blow
But it's the set of the sails
Not the direction of gales
that determine which way it
will go
As the winds of time and
the waves of fate
carry us along through life
It's the use of one's soul
That determines one's goal
And not the song or the strife.

— *Anonymous*

The Elemental

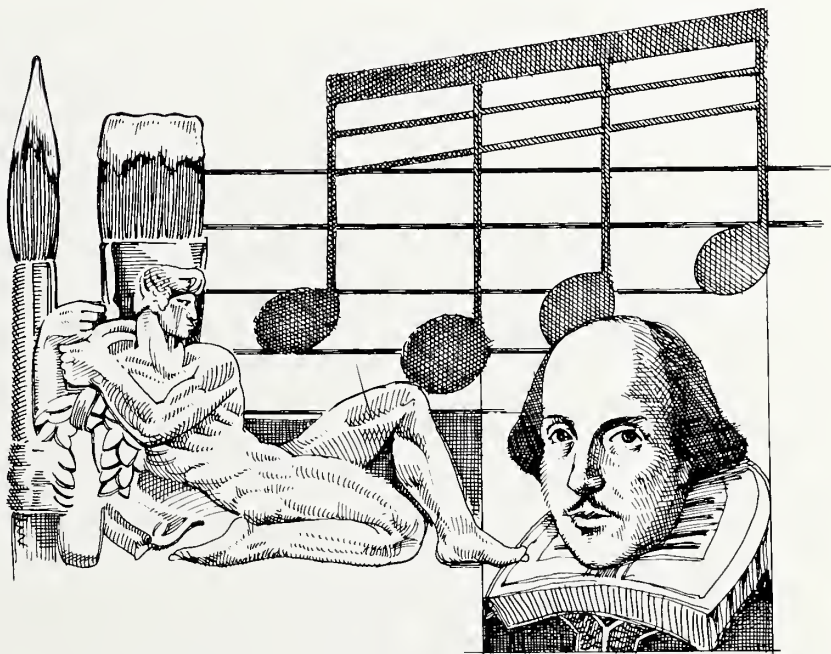
I am the Mighty Master Mage
and when I read the Magic Page
You'll see how the winds begin
Willows whip, the rain runs in
The caves — once shut, once quiet, now call
They cry and scream and caterwaul.
The lightning's Light Excites the Night
and brings it, with sharp assault
to a Flickering, Flashing, Strobing Halt.
The Thunder rolls around the realm
of booming sounds which above dwell
in charcoal clouds where fury mounts
and cracks its whips with deafening sounds
upon the Turbulent Air below
I close the book and now you know
the Thunder waits
the wind . . . it stops
the rain . . . is quiet
the lightning halts
I have the power to control their rage
I am the Mighty, Master Mage.

Ron Jones

Mistakes

by Michelle Plutto

I can be encouraged to mature,
but more frequently
I grow because of fractured
unyielding realities,
When I have them again
become aware
of my mistakes
I then am predisposed
to learn.



In Defense Of Pink Flamingos

By Margaret Mishoe

I was bothered recently by a conversation I overheard between two ladies of quality. They were enjoying themselves because they had observed in the lawns of some of the less fortunate citizenry a large number of plastic pink flamingos. They decried these pink flamingos as an affront to good taste and even mental stability. My interest was piqued so I drove down the road in question and, indeed, there were pink flamingos in almost every yard. I got out of my automobile and inspected them. They appeared to come in sets. One stands tall, head erect, looking proudly about him. The other has the neck gently curved downward and is daintily munching on the grass. The flamingos are impaled upon a metal rode with a sharp point at the base and can be easily and simply installed. They are flexible enough to bend in heavy winds and can be touched up quickly if they start to fade. They are perfect yard ornaments and I wondered why they had offended so many of the upper class for so long. Are the wealthy the true purveyors of good taste? I pondered this. Who, in the Victorian era, tied satin ribbons on their furniture legs and set rubber trees in doorways? Who, when nature became the rage, bedecked their homes with artificial waterfalls and greenery so that entering the home of a wealthy denizen became somewhat like mounting the jungle cruise at Disneyland? Who bought a two foot statue of a black groomsman and set him in front of their drives, waiting to take the reins of imaginary horses? And who thoughtfully sent their handyman out to paint the two foot statue white after the civil rights movement?

The answer to all of the above is, of course, the rich. We have allowed them to indulge themselves for years without so much as a snicker, yet they whoop about those flamingos. After establishing in my mind the problem was not one of aesthetics I was determined to find out what it really was. I took myself to a store that sold the flamingos. There, in the garden shop, as the speakers poured out the eloquent strains of "Lulu's Back in Town" I wandered in peace among one foot high plastic fencing, large plastic flowers that turned in the breeze, and a plastic Dutch girl, replete with watering can. And then there they were the flamingos — two to a set, wrapped in crisp clear cellophane. They were on sale for \$12.95. It is a magic number. Who among us cannot scavenge up \$12.95. Surely on our persons or in our bank account there is a ten and some loose change. Those flamingos were so attainable. They were pink perfection right there within my means. I was tempted to pick up the delicate creatures. Only fear of ridicule held me back. On the road of life I have made an occasional friend among the upper classes and I feel obligated to appease their sensibilities.

It is the advent of plastic that has allowed the poor man to come into his own. He can now be as gaudy and ostentatious as the wealthy man. Prior to this poor man has had to use ingenuity and labor to try to keep abreast. When the tires on his truck wore out he carefully dug holes in his yard and painted them white. This gave a cheerful fence-like look to the yard and made perfect sense ecologically. He recycled the product with no harm to the environment. When a car wore out did a poor man junk it? Of course not. He wisely set it up on blocks, knowing a spare part might be needed in the future. This also gave him a sanctuary, a place of solitude to retire to when the children got loud or the wife got angry. The rich man has his gazebo, the poor man has his Chevy.

I agree that the flamingos present a problem. The poor man might lose that ingenuity that has stood him in such good stead. Psychologists tell us that we do not value that which comes cheaply; therefore, the poor man will eventually be as sick of the flamingos as the rich man already is. He will be a disgruntled victim, out \$12.95 and none the better for it.

So, here is the solution. Someone must buy up all the pink flamingos. They must take off the tag that says "made in Taiwan" and put on one that says "made in Italy-by Sergio." They must be re-boxed in long black boxes with satin linings. They must be taken to the mall and put in that store with lace curtains in the windows and five hundred dollar dolls on the shelves. There, they will re-priced at \$995.00 per set. They will, of course, go like hot cakes, and bad taste will be back where it belongs — in the hands of the rich.

Sean vs. Machine: I

By Sean Lucey

I am beginning to agree with E. B. White on his view about machines. This morning my alarm clock failed to wake me for class. The only thing I can think of is that it stayed up too late last night and overslept. Imagine your own alarm clock oversleeping. What could be worse?

Going to 24 hour bank machines and being told that it is broken is worse. Being the friendly machine it is, it suggested that I try another Relay machine. I decided that I would take its advice. I went down the road to the next Relay machine. It took my card and told me to enter my identification number. (It didn't even greet me like most other banks do). It then let me make my choice of transactions and made a few noises. After about 30 seconds, it told me it was unable to process my transaction. (I know I have money in the bank, it gladly gave me my balance.) Disgusted I went to the next machine. I once again went through the same process, again receiving the same results. By this time, I was ready to kill. I only had 2 cents in my pocket and maybe 30 cents between my car and my room.

Hopefully, I will soon be taken off the "machine blacklist" and my life will return to normal. The only machine left to rebel against me is my car, and I had my problems with it last week.

Stream of Consciousness

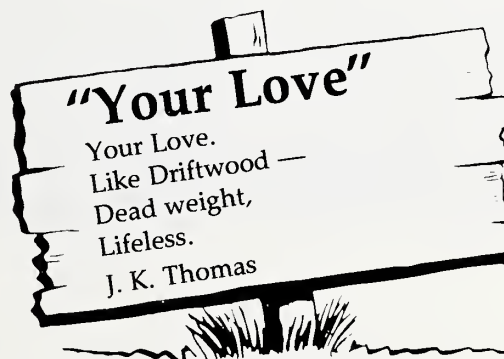
Doctors make me feel alone, cold and frightened. They are so impersonal — except during the check-up. My mom used to check-up on me a lot when I was five and liked to play with snakes. The two in Dr. Marsh's class died during our Thanksgiving holiday. They had weird looking eyes when they were molting, which my bird does a lot, and he looks so funny and ugly because his feathers are all screwed up and they get everywhere! Everywhere — that's where I want to go this summer. — My favorite time of the year because it's warm. Just like the fires that my Dad builds every night. It's so dark, and it scares me when I have to go out to my car and get something. As I return to the house, I run as fast as my short legs will carry me, and constantly look over my shoulder for ghosts and goblins. Ironically, that's why I like Halloween — the fear of ghosts. They're so eerie, especially down at Lucas Bay — I've only been there once with Coop, Brian, Jody, Lorie, Pam, Anthony, John, Brandon and Stephanie — whom I saw at Briardcliffe Mall yesterday when Will, Kevin, Bob, Charlotte, Sarah, and I went shopping. And all I bought was a pair of big silver hoop earrings for myself because the gold ones I had were squished under my car seat about a month ago. They cost exactly 4.20. For 4.20, I could have bought 4 things from the Everything's Dollar store, 19 stamps with a few cents change, a tie from the Salvation Army, a box of new pens, or it could have even gone towards a down payment on a new car. Which reminds me, mine tore up Saturday Night after work. My dad and brother went and got a new battery for it yesterday. I would have gone also, but I wanted to spend time with my friends instead. Instead of a pledge pen on Karen's shirt, or something like that, she wears a pickle!, which is my favorite food. Have you ever seen the commercial which was popular about 5 years ago where the guy eats a pickle and then burps, or maybe gets indigestion or heart burn or something? I think it's a commercial for Pepto Bismal because then waves go across the screen. Bob told me that every time Will goes to his (Bob's) house, he almost tears down the screen door because he knocks so hard. Hard beds are so uncomfortable. I want a water bed. A friend of mine, Richard, somehow tore a hole in his and we went to the waterbed store to see if the guy that works there could find the hole so it could be patched up. That — had the nerve to ask Richard if we slept together! I was pissed.

Katrena Johnson

The Roach

By Pam Stewart

I saw it today — that roach on the floor,
he crawled up my wall — then onto the door,
He was a big roach, all shiny and black,
with six long legs — about to attack,
I sat and I wondered — just how can I kill him,
My flesh was weak, but my spirit was willing,
I stood in my chair in a real pinch,
as he crawled closer to me inch by inch,
I wanted to scream — I wanted to run,
I thought about getting my daddy's shotgun
Then I thought of the hole, I thought of the mess
I should use something else, that will be best,
I started to leave him, he'll grow old and die,
then he started to crawl towards my fresh apple pie,
Now I'm not a killer, not some kind of creep,
but that roach crawled under my very own feet!
He ran for the pie, I went for a book
I came racing back then stopped for a look,
He wasn't so slimy, not dirty or wet
but I smashed him to death without a regret,
the book landed flat, the roach said splat,
I hear it crunch, I thought of
yesterday's lunch.
I wanted to cry, feel guilty, or pout,
Instead I walked smiling to sit on my couch.
I sat on the couch, watching the race
till a great big spider dropped in front of my face,
Now don't get me wrong, bugs aren't all that bad,
but they just wouldn't leave and it made me mad,
I went to the cabinet, I wanted something strong
so I got out the killer — a big fat RAID BOMB.
I lit the bomb then ran for the door,
Only to trip over the book there on the floor,
I was sure I was gone, I thought I was dead
But then I woke up, I was safe in my bed!

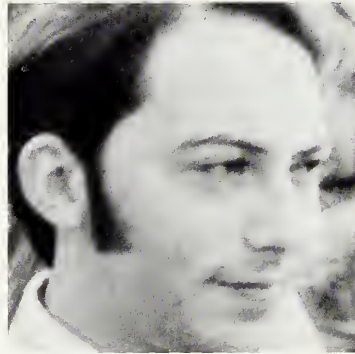


CAN YOU IDENTIFY THE FOLLOW

They Have Grown Older and Wiser, Along



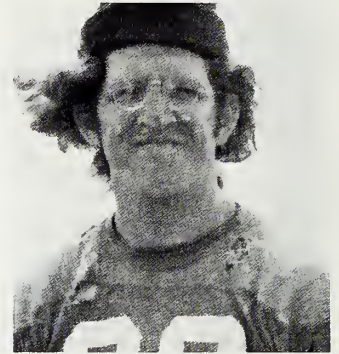
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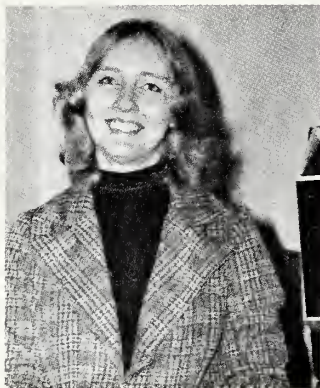
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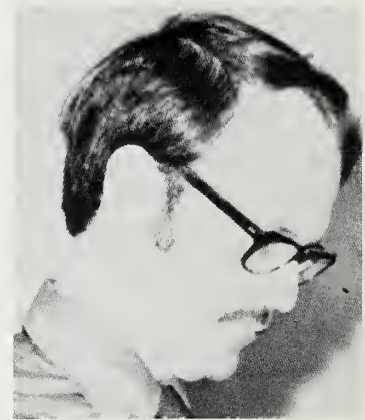
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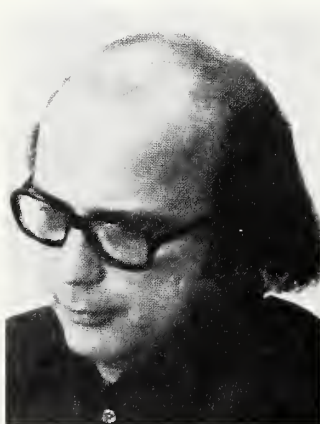
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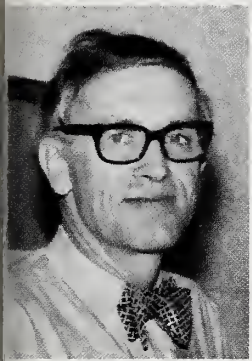
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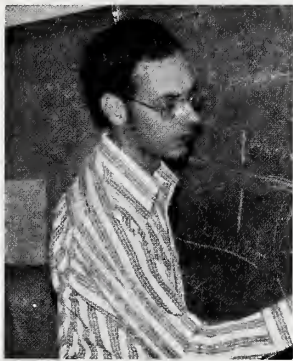
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ING FACULTY AND STAFF MEMBERS?

With Coastal Carolina College



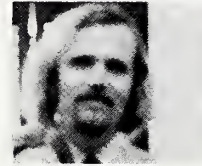
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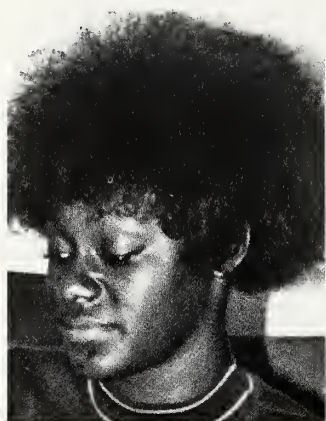
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Identify That Prof, Continued . . .



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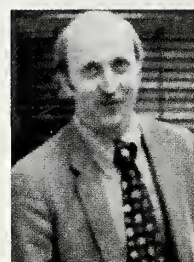
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*Tough job, eh? You can turn to the bottom
of page 121 for the many surprises!*

A Weed's Seeds Sown in A Child's Garden of First Verse

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Nice thoughts for closing a little eye?
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
A gourmet delight to give a child fright.
Daddy, could Death really come tonight?

Here comes choppers to chop off heads.
I'll grind his bones to bake my breads.
Big dippers to dip up blood —
Now we thank Him for this food.

In holy communion we oft repeat,
This is my body take, eat.
This is my blood take, drink.
Cannibalistic ritual a child must think.

Nice thoughts for closing a little eye?
For our sins He had to die.
For the world He hung and bled.
Let Daddy tuck you into bed.

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Nice thoughts for closing a little eye?
Hush my child and don't you cry.
Ten and twenty words rolled into a wad,
Improper prayer from guiltless to God.

God is love. His mercy brightens.
Use not His image to children frighten.
God is Great, and God is Good.
For children, enough understood.

Yet we parents our ways should mend.
Let us pray like children again.
By His hands the good earth was made.
By adults the child's world, betrayed.

God is Great, and we are small.
While we sleep, He watches all.
Let us thank Him for life today,
And for tomorrow let us pray . . .

Still to see skies bright and blue,
Wild animals outside of a zoo,
Water clean and land unspoiled,
Leaders honest with morals unsoiled.

Two and a Half

I saw my little angel
With his red clay feet
Where he'd been playing
In the muddy street.

He really didn't mean
To soil his new pants.
With all the world muddy,
He didn't have a chance.

Bathtub boat transcended toy.
Spring rain — great flood of joy.
Though inside, told to stay.
Disobedient, angel went to play.

Didn't Mother betray the dove
With its olive branch of love
As she switched archangel's seat
Till he pranced on cloven feet?

No nymphs heard his cries
Nor came to wipe his eyes.
No father this son's deed approved,
But his goat's heart was moved.

A Gothic Wedding

I, once young, was surrounded by love.
The moon shone joyfully from above.
Now the oval orb, skull-head of Death,
Slowly rises with its stealth.

How impatiently I long to end
The life that I so slowly spend.
Can I endure this lonely wait
And meet her there at heaven's gate?

Two days later a corpse was found
By a newsboy on his daily round.
An old man to be buried by the state
Near the envined cemetery gate.

At the chapel there gathered a few.
Bringing flowers seemed right to do.
The priest and he at the altar await.
Come angelic girl, don't be late.

The pale bride wore a gown of ashen hue.
To tearful eyes, a shadow came into view.
She carried a wreath for her bouquet
And dropped dried petals along the way.

A wedding sixty years delayed,
A funeral march, the music played.
She, the bride, and he, the groom.
Their wedding was performed by Doom.

All Selections by Carl Freeman

The Flight of the Bumblebee

What more could a bee want than fragrant beds of flowers and open garbage cans collecting soda pop and candy wrappers? Ah, the good life! Home for me is the campus of Coastal Carolina College and I must admit I've got it made in the shade. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks wherever and whenever I want. An apple core and Mountain Dew at 9:00 at the Student Union Center. Peanut Butter crackers, sour cream and onion potato chips, and Cherry Coke at 12:30 in front of the Fine Arts Building. Melted chocolate (my favorite) at Singleton Building for a late afternoon snack. Supper? Just a buzz over to the dorms for a pizza and beer. Yes, I've got it made.

Or so I thought until last Wednesday morning when the ultimate nightmare happened. I was buzzing along enjoying the crisp October morning when my stomach informed me that we hadn't indulged in breakfast yet. Well, I just zipped right over to the Student Union to check out the contents of the front garbage can. Anyway, when I got there some guy was loading up all that delicious garbage into his little official truck, I tell you what — I got so mad I just buzzed in all kinds of patterns. Usually I'm a geometric kind of guy but get me in an uproar and I zig all kinds of designs like a kaleidoscope. That's how mad I was that morning!

Here this guy is — taking all that great stuff for himself and not leaving me a solitary crumb. Nothing! I just about lost it then and there but figured what the heck — this guy's got a definite size advantage here.

So, I started checking for goodies he might've missed. Up and down the inside of the can. Not a crumb. Not a drop. Oh, well. Check the outside of the can. That's just what I was doing — slipping over the rim to see if maybe he missed a slimy drip — when it happened. Wham! I'm surrounded by brown plastic.

Not lovely, loose brown plastic like when you find a delightful old bread wrapper inviting you inside for a snack but a threatening, tight brown plastic like . . . like . . . like a horrible fresh garbage bag being tied around this can to keep from slipping inside. Oh, no! Caught on the inside of the bag — tied in here forever! I'll never sniff another marigold or azalea or dogwood tree! I'll never again enjoy the wonderful flavor of a rotting banana or rancid nacho cheese sauce! Never again will I hear the cussing, laughing, marvelous creatures that provide all that garbage! No more pizza and beer . . . no more M&Ms . . . no more un-frozen frozen yogurt! This isn't fair! I'm too young to die! Get me out of here! Help! Help!

Wait . . . what's happening?!?! I can see sunlight! Right there — at the knot! Fresh air! I'm saved! Oh, you wonderful human you?! I love you! I love you! Thank you! Thank you! Ow! I was just trying to kiss your wonderful face! Ow! Boy, a bee can't win for losing around here!



Judy Barton

Greater Minds

Small minds spend their times painstakingly.
 Greater minds will let the bad things go
 leaving room to grow,
 looking for the sun and avoid standing in the rain
 not concentrating on feeling pain.
 Small minds see good times as islands,
 isolated from reality
 back to feeling bad,
 good times interruptions of a life that should be sad.
 Greater minds see good times as the ocean
 continuous and true,
 and feeling bad or days spent sad just something to
 get through.
 Time doesn't slow down for us when we're
 miserable.
 It moves steadfastly away with our chance to laugh,
 smile
 and feel good to be alive.

by Robert B. Sullivan



*They are a foundation
 built of granite and stones
 which even time has not decayed,
 and over years in strength have grown.*

*I am a wild flower
 growing outside of their wall.
 I have petals pricked with thorns,
 seeds of love and freedom born
 with more than rain to make me fall.*

*You are a sturdy tree
 standing tall and ever strong
 protecting me from the wind,
 rooted in love for which you bend
 hoping, too, that I'll belong.*

*We are an undying fire
 with no chimney of our own —
 but steadily burning on,
 wishing the foundation were gone
 so that our flames could carry on.*

Caroline Brunson

Photos by Paul Orr

This is a list of some things that *I don't like!*

Ants, bees, wasps, spiders, snails, bugs, mosquitos, snakes, skunks, fleas, ticks, speed limits, slow people, cops with radar, cops without radar, unfriendly people, stuckup people, empty beaches, sandspurs, briars, poison ivy, thick weeds, thin weeds, weeds loneliness, sadness, inferiority, madness, flat tires, out of gas, painting buildings, mowing grass, going to work, education, my car, red lights, stop signs, country music, gospel music, boring lectures, dirty cars, cheap movies, reruns, broken radios, static electricity, digging potatoes, cranberry sauce, celery, being sick, visiting old people, research papers, house work, cold weather, rain, cloudy days, bills, living so far from the beach, not having many close friends, dead pets, stupid people, not finding a parking place, drinking age, biology lab, public speaking, shyness (esp. in girls), busy signals, wrong number, broken alarm clocks, picking topics for reports, old fashioned people, mean dogs, winter, hospitals, mortuaries, death, racism, draft, cold beds, cold showers, broccoli, liver, fights with my girlfriend, curfew, losing, growing up, responsibility, long distance phone calls, trash in my car, hurting myself, vodka, lies and selfishness.

Doug Vaught

Theresa

The morning is here
Her memory is clear,
Every night I dream of her
Resisting the sorrow I feel,
Effective are the dreams who seem real,
So sincere
All is well when she is near

I remember her smile

Leaving her behind would never do
Of all my thoughts those are few,
Very few and far between
Enshrine the times she'll intervene

Yet a valued friend she remains to me
Over time I'll wait and see,
Uttering my desire.

Robert B. Sullivan





How to be a Couch Potato

Being lazy has become an art. In today's society, with high speed "this" and state of the art "that," it has become important for people to "practice" laziness. One method of laziness is the "couch potato" theory. A couch potato is a person who is generally fatigued and needs to relax.

You practice couch potatoism by "planting" yourself on the couch, in front of the television set, and letting yourself become a useless, almost lifeless "vegetable" or . . . potato. There are five steps to becoming a successful couch potato.

The first step is to put on clothes of extreme comfort. Most humans prefer sweat suits or athletic outfits due to the "roominess" of these outfits. Other people like sleeping clothes or pajamas. A bathrobe is always a sure bet. Personally, I enjoy boxer underwear and an extra large sweater.

The second step is to place all objects of basic necessity by the couch. Once you are on the couch, it is dangerous, almost illegal, to move. A responsible potato always places the telephone, remote control, *T.V. Guide*, and other goodies by the couch.

The third step is crucial. Most humans find themselves hungry after ten minutes in front of the television (due to food commercials). Make yourself a snack to nibble on. Chips and dips, nachos, a salad, whatever it takes; simply plan it before you slip off into a daze of television marvelism.

The fourth step is the easiest. You have to get as comfortable as you possibly can. Remember, you have got all the basic necessities. You have communication (phone), power (remote control), literature (*T.V. Guide*), food, and you also have the television, which brings you the world ("Sanford and Son"). So, arrange the pillows the way you like them and get comfortable.

The last step is relaxation. You know you have been successful if you wake up at 3:00 A.M. to find the television fuzzy, crumbs all over, the remote control under your armpit, and no recollection as to what you last watched.

Eric Gardner

Talking Dog Reports UFO Sighting

By Todd Ward

It was just another dog day afternoon for Skeeter, a German Shepherd who lives at 148 Acorn Drive, in Milwaukee. He slept, ate, and discussed politics with his owner. That's right, conversed with his owner. Skeeter is the world's only talking dog. Speaking English with a German accent, the dog has a very well constructed vocabulary; he speaks better grammatically than most humans do.

But this isn't the story of his verbal ability, it's the story of his amazing encounter with a UFO and its occupants.

On the night of July 7, at 11:45 p.m., Zak Rolowski, Skeeter's owner, noticed his dog running toward the house with no hair on his hind quarters.

"I thought the dog must have fallen into the neighbor's grill. See, they were cooking steaks for the mother-in-law who just got in from Pensacola," remarked Zak, "all of a sudden, the dog's rambling about invasion from outer space, or some cow pucky like that."

"I was strolling around ze neighborhood, talking to ze neighbors," explained Skeeter, "ven I saw some strange lights in ze voods over zere." Pointing to the oak trees behind the houses, Skeeter shuddered as he explained his tale.

"I said to myself, 'Skeeter, zis looks like trouble'."

Walking toward the lights, the brave canine viewed a pancake-shaped craft landing in an open area in the woods. As Skeeter moved closer, a door appeared from under the saucer, and a group of silver, 3 foot tall aliens walked from inside.

"As zey jumped from the ship, I said hello to zem," said Skeeter, "Ze next zing I know, ze little suckers are pointing zere guns at me!"

The lead alien blurted out some babble at Skeeter, and remarked something to his shipmates. The tallest alien came around to the front, and raised his weapon toward the puzzled pooch.

"Ven I saw ze gun, I started running as fast as I could!" exclaimed Skeeter; "I felt a hot flash go over my rear. I looked back and my hair was on fire!"

The alien had shot Skeeter. After firing at the dog, the creatures jumped back into their ship and flew away to the east, leaving a trail of smoke and flames behind them.

"I saw ze craft fly away, and I haven't seen anyzing of the punks since," Skeeter proclaimed with a toss of his tail.

"Looks like my dog was attacked," said Zak, "by something from outer space. Me and the wife took Skeeter to the vet, and he said he's never seen anything like that before."

From that day on, Skeeter has stayed in the yard, afraid of another assault. His hair grew back, but his emotional scars may never heal.

"He might have to go to the shrink," Zak informed us. "The dog won't leave the yard. Pretty soon, his crap is going to kill all the grass."

Let us hope the best for Skeeter.



MAVIS T. GENTRY
and his dog SPOT

Dave Bell

The Sleepers

At 4:02,
did Cyrus Norg,
into his bedroom,
slip unnoticed;
and the darkness,
of the moonless night,
hindered him none.
Careful fingers,
pushed and pulled
at once upon the door;
as if to stifle any squeak,
that dared escape a hinge.
His tiptoes on the carpet,
met a creak of,
wooden floor beneath . . .
for fifty years he stood,
Listening, bewildered by the sound,
or so it seemed, In between,
The time he halted and found,
the bed.
He sat down slowly on the edge,
and then slowly removed one shoe;
and as he Held it in his hand,
He cried,
at last he realized . . .
The parents he had tried
so hard not to disturb,
were gone . . . had died;
he needn't sneak —
a bomb may sound,
but only him it'd bother.
So alone in his Aloneness,
The shadow of a young,
and drunken, Cyrus Norg,
undresses.
Without a sound he
says a prayer and,
quietly places clothes on,
Racks then,
silently lays down . . .
so as not to disturb,
The Sleepers.

Ron Jones

Politics

I find it so distasteful
This use of politics
To manipulate the lives
Of those who don't resist

I yearn to understand
The world from whence you came
For power is not the same
If you use it as a game.

I try to be so humble
When I see such foolishness
Of you who take advantage
Of those less fortunate.

Your arrogance is known
From all that pass you by
But in my heart I know
You are Miserable inside.

Who do you think you are
As you rape our fellow man
Robbing them of pride
As they cannot take a stand.

Why is all your wisdom
Used so foolishly in vain
For power is but expression
Of a world you feel you reign.

I will not stand idly by
Nor will I play your game
For power has no meaning
When the people lose their name . . .

— *Mary Jacobs*

Once Upon a Saturday Night

It's easy to lose your mind
to the pulsating lights,
hard to keep the mind on track
Black, white, black white black
the doctor diagnoses heart attack
don't use smack
boy, you slack
man get off my back.
Show me the door
I'll use it once more
can't stay here man,
it's not natural,
tell me something factual
Funky talk funky talk
man, give me a break
let the sun shine in
For God's sake
cut your hair a certain way
long is too hippie,
short too gay
Christ just let me pass the 80's away.
Nuclear arms
political activists, up in arms
Fire arms, national arms
my arms are tied
there's nothing I can do
I trusted you, and died
Government, Religion, laws and decrees
send some more boys over seas
Bombs are no threat
until they get
that losing feeling
and blow the ceiling
Mean I'm not scared
so society flared
In with a boom, out with a boom
the bombs fly man, they zoom
Flick the strobe and eat a shroom
it's all so clear
wait a minute,
what are we doing here?
Ask the leaders, ask a priest
the most out-spoken
know the least.
Ask a quiet man a question
if he answers, he's pretty sure
if you like what you're hearing
ask him for more
until he talks at you for a fix
he needs his kicks
so when he doesn't know
he reaches into his bag of tricks.
he begins to lie
now, when messages are crossed
bombs may fly
God get us through the 80's
man, I'm too young to die.

Barry Owens

The Loved and Hated Man

Two arms,
Two legs.
One head,
One heart,
One soul,

One voice.

One man.

A loved and hated man.

Loved and hated for that cause only.

Sought, cheered, feared, jeered, killed

And honored for that cause only.

A romantic man, a mirror man, a
one-sighted man

made a difference.

One voice; one million deeds.

An overreacting, overresponding desperate world.

Pro or con, right or wrong

The loved and hated man was . . .

And could not ignored.

And the world was:

Somewhat different,

Somewhat the same.

Sensing change.

Waiting the peace that follows
a ripple —

The loved and hated man.

The wave that followed.

The same pond. A new force of energy.

The force that beat upon the banks,
and died.

David Hucks

Counting Sleep

Sleeping pills — my last resort

Warm milk beside my bed

I should be snoozing

but I have

Insomnia instead.

Should I curl up with a boring book
or maybe exercise?

I've taken a walk

A nice hot bath

And STILL can't close my eyes!

I've heard that counting helps a lot.

I said, "What could it hurt?"

But every number

denies me slumber

and makes me more alert!

I've counted cracks in my ceiling

(There are one hundred sixty four)

I've counted this and that until

I can't count anymore!

'Cause what's the point in counting stars
when there are none to be seen —

They have long since closed their eyes
and found a place to dream.

And what's the point in counting sheep
jumping over the gate

when all the sheep, fall fast asleep,

And leave me still awake?

Ron Jones

On Being Destructive . . .

By Sean Lucey

Just like a small child, I felt the sudden urge to be destructive. I have felt like this all day long. I don't really want to break or hurt anything, I just want to experiment with different things. Earlier I was satisfied by cutting up little pieces of unused wire. A few minutes later I felt the urge to do something stronger. I punched hundreds of small holes in a beer can. That still didn't satisfy my addiction to destruction as I melted the wax on a paper cup. I needed more. The next thing I did was poke two holes in a can. I got my trusty can of Right Guard and a lighter and I decided to make a torch. I stuffed paper into the holes that I punched, and inside the can. I sprayed the aerosol into the flame. Magnificent colors! The colorful can turned black after 10 or 15 tries of one or two blasts. That was great. My destructive needs were finally satisfied. I was happy until I realized that I had burned my desk in a small spot. No big deal, it looks like it belonged there. What kind of fun waits for me the next time I get bored and in a destructive mood? Maybe I will just take my clock apart to see how it works.

Consolation: Part 1

A place for everything
And everything in it's place
the beat is the heart
and the words are the soul
that's what makes a song
everything in the universe belongs

Tell me if you know
where it is I should go?
Tell me what it is I should do?
Tell me how to be like you?
How come I don't have the right smile?
Everyone I know belongs and smiles.

Don't let your mind and heart fold
Leave them both open and you will hold
there's no wrong in trying to belong
A smile doesn't make a laugh
The metamorphosis process is divided by two
You're only in the first half

Tell me how to get there?
Tell me how to get my share?
I'm tired of always becoming!
I can never say "I am!"
I just want to be like they are
you know, just popular

It doesn't matter who's last or first
what's important is knowing how to get there
Don't follow others or your mind will burst
You must die to get to heaven
You got to be ridiculed as you undress
You must expose yourself in name of success

Advice and more advice
Without pain no gain
I wish I was dead
so I could start all over again
Changing causes pain
It's easier getting to the bottle again

Fernando Arce

Consolation: Part 2

It's not my best friend
But it's a friend
It doesn't tell me what to do
It doesn't compare me with anyone else
It doesn't remind me of my grades
But it makes me wear my shades

I know I never made the team
I know I live too much in a dream
It never left me for another guy
I never asked it for a date,
But it never made a phony excuse
And it never asked me "why?"

It never hurt me or ignored me
Or lectured me on responsibility
It never said to me "I Love You"
But it never broke a promise to me

It makes me laugh
It makes me talk just fine
It sets me free
Night and day, everyday, all the way
It sets me free

It isn't a fair-weather friend
It's always there to set me free
I never had any problem with it
Just with this lousy society

Fernando Arce



Letter to a Friend

Soft blue world
Bright colored lights
Living moment to moment.
Sometimes,
Thought darkens me;
A deep blue blanketing
Of what was, what is.
Talk brings tears, pointless.

Soft blue eyes
Just close, never infringing;
Gentle voice wandering
aimlessly,
Leading me away from
what troubles me;
Comforting smile,
Pushing back the cloudy
midnight,
Letting light back in.
Peaceful, secure, in
your presence,
Warmth surrounds me.
Was never really night;
Just momentary eclipse.

Pegi Perez

Courage of a Humble Heart

Before my eyes a rose I see,
and take it from the earth;
And see upon it morning's dew,
that forged its noble birth;

I wonder at this miracle,
entrapped in nature's heart;
And cast my hopeful love within,
so beautiful an art;

For all my thoughts and memories,
are seen with certain view;
That nowhere could exist a rose,
as beautiful as you;

Yet from my trembling love flows fear,
rejections pain doth bide;
I quest your love yet straight to heart,
the coward love doth hide;

And nerves once stone and steadfast were,
now dust that quickly passed;
Through barren deserts of despair,
love's death has come at last;

Yet in my heart seeds bravery,
from whence I do not know;
It strengthens weakness of my will,
entreating love to show;

And begs me see when darkest,
there are still stars in the sky;
As honesty must dwell and reign,
forever in mine eye;

With this as with my master I shan't fail,
without it I can't win;
I realize my task to do,
to reach out from within;

And cast aside the fruitless fear,
of hurt that might ensue;
To realize no love is gained,
unless it is pursued;

Alas, my love, my heart need speak,
this question, hence, I ask;
Will you be mine for then shall be,
my heart content at last.

Tico Donayre

Counting Sleep

Ron Jones

Sleeping pills — my last resort
Warm milk beside my bed
I should be snoozing
but I have
Insomnia instead.
Should I curl up with a boring book
or maybe exercise?
I've taken a walk
A nice hot bath
And STILL can't close my eyes!
I've heard that counting helps a lot.
I said, "What could it hurt?"
But every number
denies me slumber
and makes me more alert!
I've counted cracks in my ceiling
(There are one hundred sixty four)
I've counted this and that until
I can't count anymore!
'Cause what's the point in counting stars
when there are none to be seen —
They have long since closed their eyes
and found a place to dream.
And what's the point in counting sheep
Jumping over the gate
when all the sheep, fall fast asleep,
And leave me still awake?

Illusions

I look into my own eyes,
and watch the shadows pass,
outside the windows of my mind,
outside the jaded glass,
I see life and death inside,
Phantom forms, Mythology,
Fortune, Fame, a better life —
Excuses of Humanity.
Outside faulty senses rule,
Imperfect with their humanness.
Pressures, Pains, Reality,
Inside only confusions,
Yet on this Journey through my mind,
These are my illusions.

Ron Jones

A Puppet, I

A puppet, I? The thought such terror brings!
To dance as if upon thy wretched strings.
No more to live by my own self-made laws,
Discarding truths and emulating flaws.

Surrender, sweet surrender, that you give . . .
Just one condition, that I do not live,
But sell my soul to enter thine abode,
And dwell in peace despite my heavy load,
And dance upon thy reckless child's string:
A puppet, I, your errands hence to bring.

A puppet, I? The thought such terror brings!
To dance as if upon thy wretched strings.
The scattered pieces of my life arrayed,
Lost links from an eternal golden braid,
And grounded as a bird without its wings.

Phillip J. Eby

The Fireman's Fair

by Robert Sullivan

I'll always remember the fireman's fair,
breathing in the popcorn air.
The first kiss I dared to steal
underneath the portable ferriswheel.
Nights that promised to last forever,
seventeen and bravely naive,
young enough to believe
we had the world at our feet.
It's hard to leave our small town world
and charge on life our flags unfurled.
Becoming older and discovering fear,
learning promises aren't sincere.
Abandoning dreams to just get by,
writing letters to old friends who never reply.
If only I could be as sure of just one thing today,
as I was of everything yesterday.

The Shady Rest

Daisy shadowed leafy grass
Horseshoes, oysters, sassafras
picnic tables filled with friends
on the highest tree branch as mothers shout
all the children play about
up the ladder down the slide
soon we'd have the pony ride
Behind the barn the men played with money
poor Tommy McUven had to leave before the night
his Mom and Dad had a fight
now he'll miss the fireworks
Lucky for me, my parents aren't jerks
stung by a bee, but I hardly cried
didn't want to miss that pony ride.
If only I had my mini-bike here
I'd show these kids I was cool
It's not hard the high dive, I know no fear
I just don't like the pool
Scratched up wrists from mosquito bites
standing near the owl shaped lights
the soda was all gone but the ice water remained
some of the boys stuck their minds in, I refrained
almost at the front of the line
I tell the other kids that they'll be fine
listen to me if you want to learn
just watch how I ride, when it's my turn
I'm a cowboy, an Indian too
I'm an expert rider, just watch what I do
In the saddle I pretended, this is no big deal
Mr. Conover leading the pony, it doesn't seem real
It would be a long time before someone sent me an electric bill
or asked me to pay them rent
Still, it was a day of my youth well spent.

by Robert Sullivan

At the Magazine Rack

We drew closer.
Close enough now
that our auras melt into
one big shimmering bubble;
rainbow colored, and
easily burst
by a sharp word or another
careless bubble
floating too close.
We could see
each other
(if we looked)
but we don't.
Out the corner
of my eye I see
a splash of red
(your sleeve reaching
for "Time")
your sweet hmph
(hard Christmas candy
must line your palate)
as you audibly
disagree with some
stern, unmoving editorial
(I suppose).
I know you
sense me also;
My long, noisy breaths,
or perhaps
my uncle's cologne
(a bit too musky
for my tastes).
And at that moment . . .
someone reaching for
"Popular Science"
pierced our haven
and we fell away
suddenly and quickly;
apologizing and
embarrassed
that we could be
so selfish.

by Carlton R. Bridges

"Horror Movie"

Dreadly
frightening,
essence
of macabre.

Violent
eruptions.
chase.
then capture.

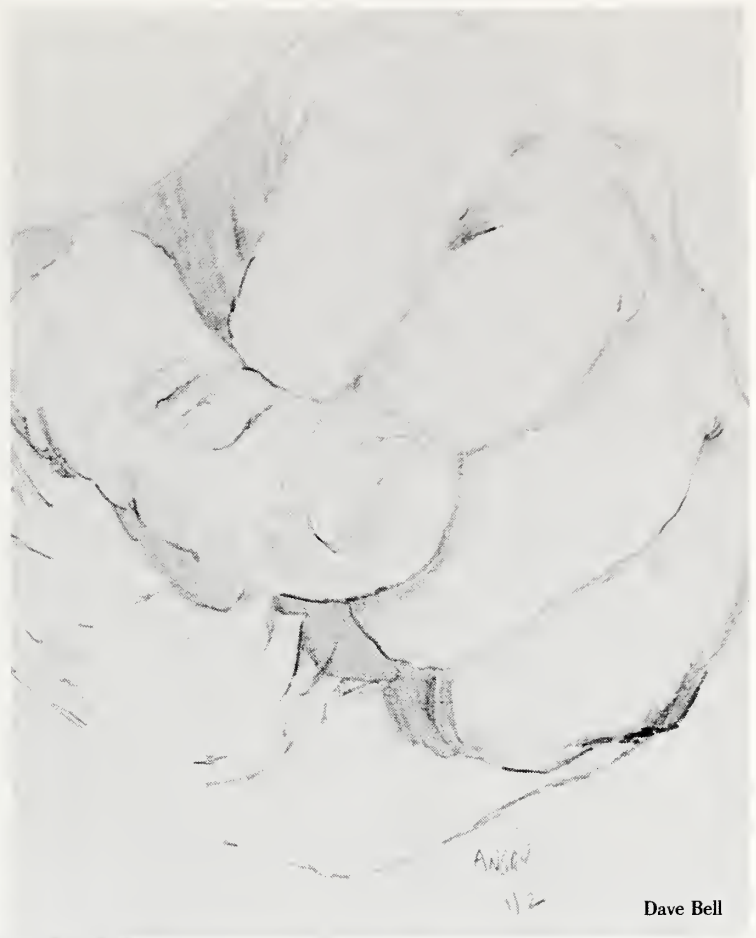
Blood
curdling cries,
sadistic
slashes . . .
repeatedly.

Jag —
ged
signature,
shread —
ed
calling cars
from
a madman.

Boys
annihilated.
girls
remain . . .
defenseless.

Laughing,
no roaring,
in a background.

J. K. Thomas



Dave Bell



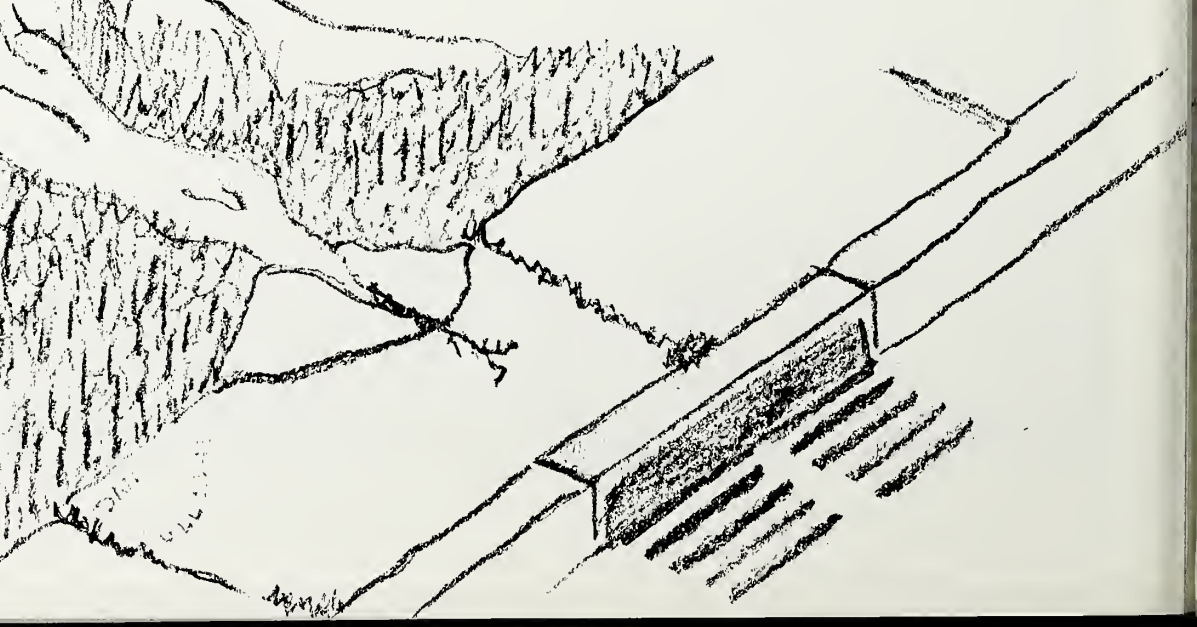
Dave Bell



The Neighborhood Tree

by Robert B. Sullivan

They came in a big yellow machine
and stopped at the tree with the lean.
Extending upward one hard hat went,
looked like fun and taxes well spent.
Pulled until the loud saw awoke,
nobody could hear, nobody spoke.
Branches were fallen, limbs left to die
in a pool of woodchip, no more reaching for the sky.
They covered the fire hydrant with protective intent,
public servant's efforts well spent.
All the neighborhood watched pieces fall,
until at last there was nothing at all.
They swept the sidewalk, the curb, and the street
hurried men, in a lunchtime retreat.
And now the tree was dead, and gone
as the neighbor's activities resumed, and went on.
All felt sad the tree had to go.
I asked one why she didn't know.
I asked another, and each I found
replied the others must have called the town.
When I had asked each and every one,
none had wanted the tree cut down.
why then did they come around?
Suddenly I sadly understood.
Our's was not a neighborhood.



Sean vs. Machines: II

Sean Lucey

Machines are once again terrorizing my life. In one week the bank machine has swallowed my card, the water heater went on strike, and my car has rebelled.

The machine taking my card wasn't so bad; I got it back the same day and was able to go to another bank to get money. The water heater was almost a national disaster. I got up and wanted to take a warm shower. The water was cold but being as trusting as I am I figured that it would warm up if I let it run a few minutes. I went to the kitchen and drank a glass of milk and came back to my running shower. Still cold. I had to go through with it. I jumped in and almost froze. Needless to say, that was the quickest shower that I ever took. Much to my surprise, it was only a tripped fuse. A cold shower that could have been prevented.

My car's rebellion was the worst. I was driving down 501 at about 50 MPH. The next thing I know my car decides it needs a rest, it wants to do 25 MPH tops. I turned on a side road and my car quit running. I started it back up, it went half a mile then quit again. I restarted it, went ten feet, my car stopped for good. I had to get out, cross 501 at 5 p.m. and I swear I heard my car laughing as I walked away. I called a garage and asked if they worked on Volkswagens. The mechanic told me he didn't know if he did or not. That response tells me he isn't very competent. I tried again. This time I was in luck but he didn't have the right equipment to tow my car. I next called a wrecker service and got my car towed to his garage. The next day my car was fixed. It had a bad fuel pump and the generator needed to be grounded: all for \$50.00. All of these machines are starting to worry me, who knows what is going to happen next and I definitely won't cut wood with a chain saw.

Answer Key for Faculty and Staff Quiz

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Professor Edgar Dyer | 11. Professor Roy Russell | 21. Professor Martha Thomas | 31. Professor Ed McNew |
| 2. Professor Richard Dame | 12. Professor Elizabeth Puskar | 22. Professor Darcy Carr | 32. Professor Subhash Saxena |
| 3. Professor Will Garland | 13. Professor Gerald Groves | 23. Professor Al Cannon | 33. Professor Collen Lohr |
| 4. Mr. Tom Weimken | 14. Professor Douglas Nelson | 24. Professor James Branham | 34. Professor Tom Trout |
| 5. Mrs. Sue Colvard | 15. Professor Bruno Guyer | 25. Professor Linda Schwartz | 35. Professor Carl Freeman |
| 6. Professor Daniel Selwa | 16. Professor Steve Nagle | 26. Professor James Farsolas | 36. Professor Richard Moore |
| 7. Professor Tony Albinia | 17. Professor Alvin Hall | 27. Ms. Pat Singleton | 37. Professor Don Millus |
| 8. Professor Randall Wells | 18. Professor Gerald Boyles | 28. Professor Ron Lackey | 38. Professor Joe Pinson |
| 9. Professor Paul Stanton | 19. Professor Glenda Sweet | 29. Professor John Eberwien | |
| 10. Professor Robert Robinson | 20. Professor John Durrell | 30. Professor Ballou Skinner | |

Merry-Go-Round

Insensitive drunk, love covers in the corner,
A carbon poem on crumpled paper.
Though you slap her she just spots.
Chase the dragon to the pits,
Rip your arm to little bits.

She can't even feel you hold her,
And you can't hold any cheaper.
Sower. Reaper.
Plunge the needle deeper,
Deeper.

Hollow eyes become the mourner,
Cringing, lonely in the corner.
When the belt drops to the floor and
Opens up orgasmic doors,
Bite the apple,
Taste the core.

Kneeling down to talk to Father,
Life seems endless, mindless bother.
See close up your own rejection,
Spit into your own reflection.
Follow ripples through your face —
It's an old familiar place.

Heaven lies in small wax papers.
"Time's Fool" always beats the clock.
Many rainbows squeezed and tapered,
Black and white replace their shock.
Waste invades those empty spaces;
Crippled dreams for hope chests bare.

Lines alight on hopeless faces,
Vacant laughter taints the air,
Ghosts creep out of bony closets;
Past disgrace has locked them there.

Grab the brass ring for another ride.

Tomm Hardee

Sean vs. Machine: III

By Sean Lucey

It started off as a normal Sunday. I was resting up from Saturday. When I got up I did my usual Sunday activity, watched football.

At 7:30 I decided it was time to leave Rock Hill. It would only take me three hours to get to Conway and I would be in bed by midnight. Everything was going fine until 9:00. I pulled through a small town, McBee, doing 35 MPH in a 25 MPH zone. I've gone 50 MPH through here before but on this night a policeman was waiting for me. I saw the bright blue light behind me so I pulled over. Luckily the officer liked the fact that I was wearing a seatbelt. I think this is the reason I got off with a verbal warning.

I was back on the road again reliving getting stopped. After a while I forgot about it and enjoyed my ride. After all, nothing else could go wrong. Well, this is where I was incorrect. I got about 30 miles from Conway and my headlights started to dim. After a few miles I didn't have any at all. Then my car, old reliable, bit the dust. I was at Galivant's Ferry and I saw a store up the road. I walked about a mile to the store and found a pay phone. I was going to call my parents so they would know I was alright. The phone was dead. I next went to a house and was met by a man who looked like he had a gun. Needless to say I was scared out of my wits and left. Down the road, I was chased by two dogs — I think they were pit bulls.

I went back to my car and tried to sleep for a while. It was about 1:30 and my parents were probably going crazy. My next option was to walk to Conway, after all it was only 17 miles and I had all night. At about twenty till three, I reached Aynor. Finally I found a phone. I could call home. "I'm sorry, we are unable to come to the phone right now. If you leave you name, number, and a brief message we will return your call as soon as possible. BEEP" Great, the answering machine. "Mom, I'm alright, my car broke down and I'm going to try to walk it to Conway. Bye." I called my roommates, no answer. I was on my own. At about 3:45 I heard a familiar BEEP BEEP. Could it be my mother's car? Yes. No more walking. We drove back to my car and my father came to the conclusion that my battery was dead. I knew that but I wanted to know why. We put the jumper cables to the battery and started the car up. I drove 3 miles and the same thing happened. This went on all the way to school. But the time I got in it was 5:15. I scribbled a brief message to David telling him I was home and then I went to bed.

Ode to Celia's Birthday

By Carl Freeman

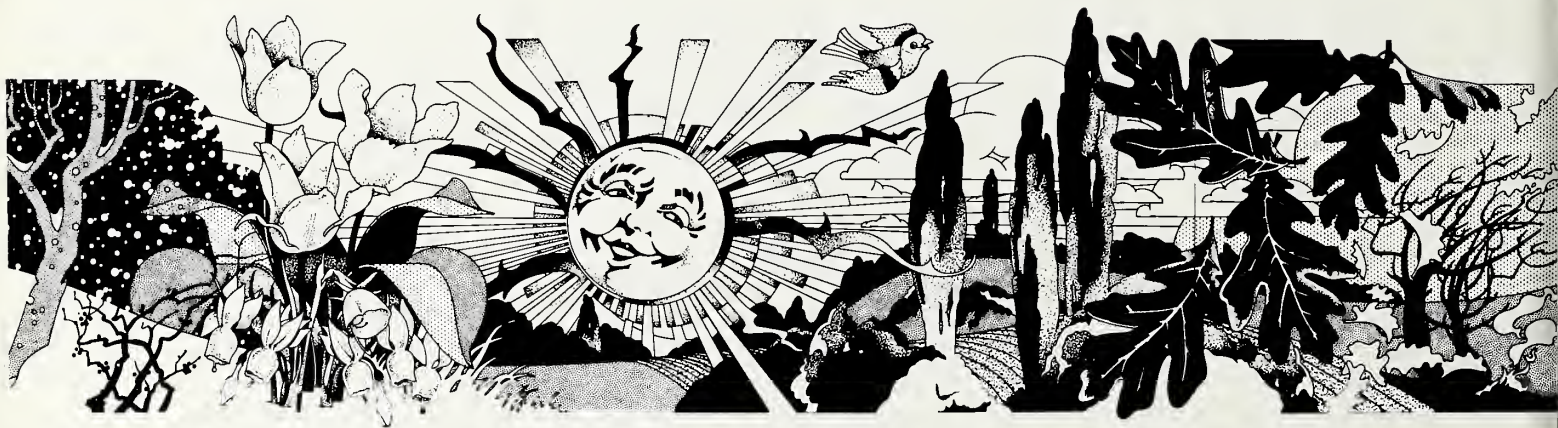
(Written on June 29, 1985 on Celia Thaxter's
150th Birthday Celebration on Appledore Island)

To Appledore as her uninvited guests we came.
Earlier the screaming gulls had done the same.
Unaware of that free spirit of long dead fame,
We arrived without knowing our hostess' name.

But she at the shore our boat had met
Although the sea was rough and the air, wet.
Hospitable in an inhospitable, barren soil,
Her garden still grows from her ancient toil.

The shore, the rocks and the ceaseless sea,
Now are not more real than Celia to me.
Today we celebrated as if she were living here,
And lo, her long-silent words again are clear.

Reviewing images that a century could not erase
Her footsteps we followed to her favorite place,
Still visible in Nature and her printed word
She, today, was remembered and her voice heard.



Dialogue

Dialogue overheard between a 14 year old skateboarder and a local surf shop clerk. Skateboarder enters, clerk looks up:
Clerk, "Yo Dude."

Skateboarder, "Yo, like yo."

Clerk, "What ya need man?"

Skateboarder, "I'm looking for a skate deck man — like you got any Hawks man."

Clerk, "No dude, no Hawks, Hawks go fast. We got some Griglys man, how bout a Grigly?"

Skateboarder (obviously disappointed), "No man, don't want a Grigly," sighs, "Maybe I'll settle for a Caballero. Got any Cabs?"

Clerk, "Yea dude, but if you really want a Hawk why don't you wait — The Hawks will be in" — he gazes upward looking for the answer — "The Hawks will be in in 3 days. Hang loose and you can snag a Hawk."

Skateboarder, "Hey man, that's cool, I'll wait for the Hawks. Thanks dude."

Clerk, "Yo"

Margaret Misho

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A large, white silhouette of a graduation cap (mortarboard) with a tassel hanging down on the left side. The silhouette is set against a solid black background. The text is centered within the white area of the cap.

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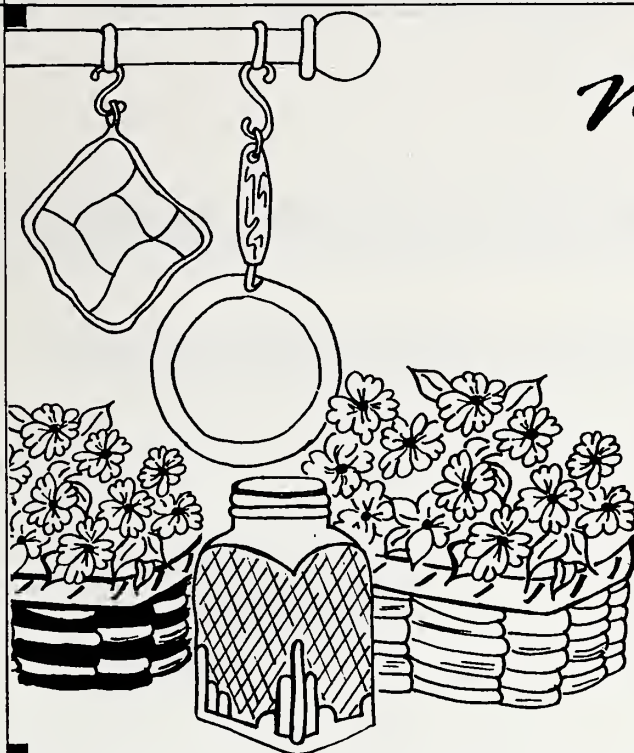
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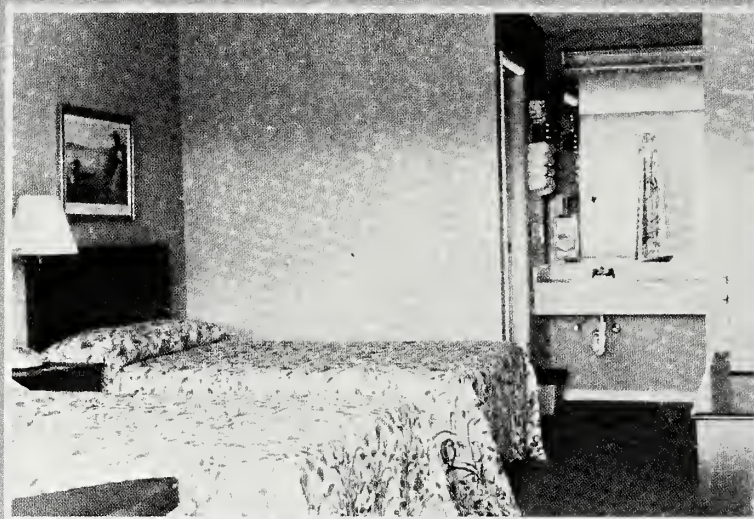
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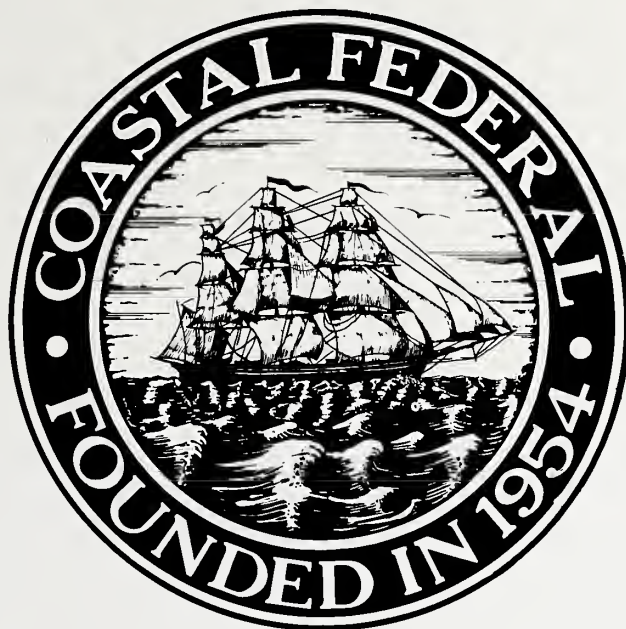
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In Memory of Diane Silipigni

July 25, 1965-June 10, 1987

People important to you cross your life, touch it with love and move on. There are people who leave you, and you breathe a sigh of relief and wonder why you ever came in contact with them. There are people who leave you, and you breathe a sigh of remorse and wonder why they had to go and leave such a gaping hole. As our senior year comes to an end, many of us can't help but think about the friendships we've established here at Coastal. Friendships which will make a lasting impression on our lives. One friendship we would always like to remember is the one of Diane Silipigni.

Diane's warm heart and her friendly smile was shared along with her love to each of us differently. Her friendship was very well missed this past year. There may be some of you who never had the opportunity of meeting Diane. She was like sunshine in which she had a way of spreading her warmth and joy to everyone.

Being Seniors, many of us may feel a certain loss or emptiness as we graduate. We will be parting and going our separate ways to a new beginning. The people we leave behind we also take with us. You will find that people move in and out of each other's lives, and each leaves his mark on the other. You are made up of bits and pieces of all who ever touched your life, and you are more because of it, and you would be less if they had not touched you. Diane touched many of our lives and as we look back, we notice the difference she made here at Coastal.

We love you, Diane, and we will always remember you! Thanks for making a difference. As we graduate, you also will graduate with us in each of our hearts.

Frances Driggers





